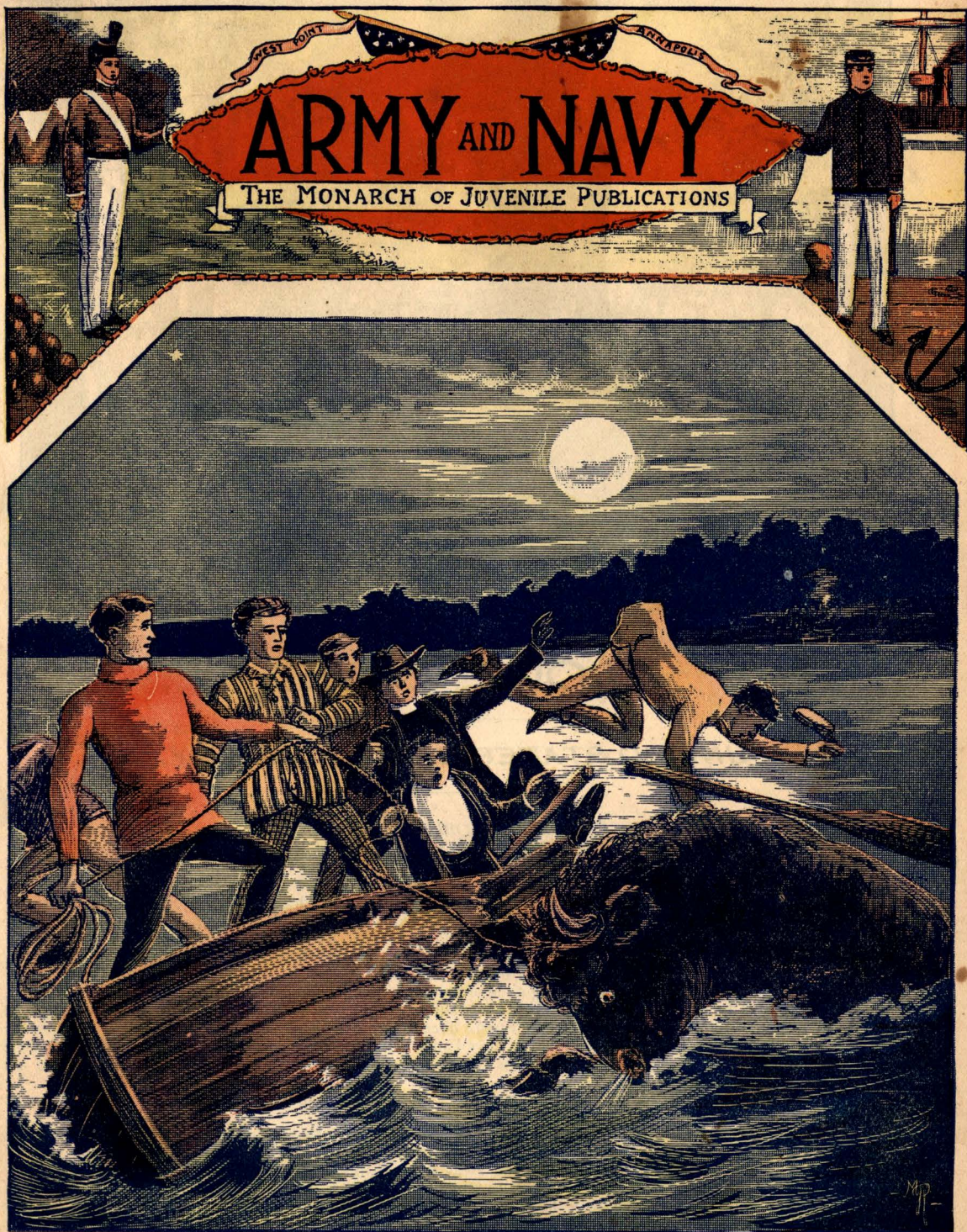


N<sup>o</sup> 32

STORIES OF FUN AND ADVENTURE  
AMONG WEST POINT AND  
ANNAPOLIS CADETS.

5 CENTS



One of the buffalo's sharp horns crushed through the boat's side with a snap.  
( "A Midnight Visit : or, Mark Mallory's Escapade," by Lieut. Garrison, U. S. A. Complete in this number )

Vol. 1 }  
No. 32 }

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## **"LOVE LANE."**

### **UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.**

*By JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.*

**A**LTHOUGH the greater part of the naval cadet's life is spent at study, at drill or at work of some kind, there is, of course, another side that is bright and merry and that helps to make the four years at the Academy more pleasant than they would appear at first glance.

Love Lane is the playground of the institution and the place where love-stricken couples loiter and say sweet "nothings" to the accompaniment of the Academy band.

The grounds in general are level, there being none of the romantic hills and passes for which West Point is noted.

Everywhere trees are in great profusion, dotting the beautiful green lawns with strict regularity. In the centre of the grounds is the band stand, and radiating in various directions are wide passes or walks running through the choicest part of the grounds. This part is known as Love Lane. Underneath large and widely spreading trees there are many comfortable benches, and altogether there is everything to make it what it is—the most popular part of the grounds.

Every morning at ten o'clock and every afternoon at four the Academy band marches through the grounds to its stand and there plays for an hour each time.

This band consists of about thirty paid musicians under a very competent and popular young leader, and it renders music of the highest quality. It compares very favorably with the Marine Band of Washington.

The music of this band is the means of driving away more than one quiet and monotonous hour of cadet life. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are the only times at which the cadet is off duty and free to seek the company of his best girl for a promenade through Love Lane during the concerts.

At all other times he is at work and can only enjoy the music from a distance, as he sits at his window in quarters and prepares his recitations for the day.

During the morning hours the children of officers, accompanied by their nurses, rollick and play under the beautiful trees, and in the afternoon there are always a great many people, young and old, who come into the yard from the town to enjoy the concerts.

During graduation week the band gives a promenade concert on the grounds every evening, and on those evenings Love Lane is greatly in demand. Then it looks its prettiest, with lanterns of various colors hanging from the trees to add to its natural beauty.

# ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

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Editor, - - - ARTHUR SEWALL.

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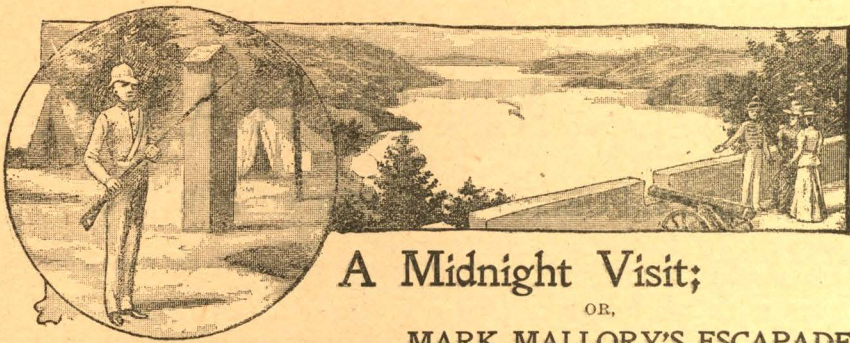
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**W**ILL contain many surprises. It will be a banner issue, and the new features to be adopted are sure to please our readers. A grand prize contest is to be inaugurated. Look out for number thirty-four.      ❁      ❁      ❁      ❁      ❁      ❁



## A Midnight Visit;

OR,

## MARK MALLORY'S ESCAPE.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

### CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE ESCAPE IS PLANNED.

"Garrisons, New York,

"August 11th, 18—.

"Miss Fuller requests the pleasure of the Seven Devils' company at an informal party to be given any time they please to-night."

Such was the invitation, a rather curious and unconventional one. But that gave it no less interest in the eyes of the seven lads who were all gazing at it at once.

The one who was reading the note was a handsome, stalwart lad, Mark Mallory by name. Next to him was his faithful ally, "Texas," the ex-cowboy from the Lone Star State. And Texas was dancing about in excitement.

"Durnation!" he roared. "Say, fellers, ain't that great? Think o' gittin' an invitation to a party, an' we only plebes. Whoop! An' won't we have fun, though!"

"Shall we go?" inquired some one.

"Go!" cried Texas. "Dog on your boots, o' course we'll go! Durnation!"

"But it's out of bounds," protested "Indian," the fat and timid Joseph Smith, of Indianapolis. "It's way across the river at Garrisons, and if we're found out we'll be expelled. Bless my soul!"

"I reckon tain't the fust time we've been out o' bounds," observed Texas, grinning. "An' ef I thought 'twar the last, I don't think I'd stay in this hyar durnation stupid ole place."

"But we've no clothes to go in, bah Jove!" objected Master Chauncey Van Rensselaer Mount-Bonsall, of Fifth ave-

rue, New York. "We cawn't wear our uniforms, y' know, for some one would recognize the deuced things, bah Jove; and we have nothing else."

"Nothin' else!" exclaimed Texas. "Durnation! Ain't we got the ones we wore this hyar very Saturday afternoon when we ran off to see the circus down to Highlan' Falls? Kain't we wear them?"

"Wear them!" gasped Chauncey, the prim and particular "dude." "Bah Jove, I should like to see myself going to call on a girl, y' know, in the horrible rags we wore!"

"I guess we know Grace Fuller well enough to make allowances," put in Mark, laughing. "You know she told us she was going to ask us to steal over and pay her a visit some night. She said the cadets often do."

"But not in such deuced costumes as we wore," protested Chauncey.

"I don't imagine they had much better," answered Mark. "They'd hardly wear their uniforms through Garrisons, and up the road we'd have to follow. And if they had cit's clothing smuggled in, I doubt if it was much of a fit. However, we've got till taps to talk it over."

Thus enjoined the seven resolved themselves into a business meeting, to discuss the important question whether they should accept that invitation from Judge Fuller's daughter. It is not the purpose of this story to report the discussion, but simply to say that they decided emphatically in the affirmative.

They were going to that party.

Grace Fuller was a member of the

Seven Devils, which under its full and complete title was known as "The Seven Devils and One Angel;" she was the angel. Mark Mallory had swam out and rescued her from a capsizing sailboat, and as a result of that the girl, though she was the belle of West Point, and considered the most beautiful girl about the post, had declared her sympathies with those desperate plebes and vowed to aid them in the fight against hazing.

A week or so ago Mark had again saved her life, she having been caught prisoner by a fire that had burned part of the West Point Hotel. Mark's hands were still bound up owing to his painful burns, but he was all right otherwise and ready as ever for a lark. He gave his approval of the scheme at once, for he was by no means averse to seeing his admiring friend again.

There was much talking necessary to settle the details of that most important excursion—and incidentally quite some laughing over the adventure which had caused so much excitement that afternoon. There had been a circus at Highland Falls, just below West Point, and the Seven Devils had gone to see the performance. Texas had ridden a much-vaunted untamed bronco and won twenty dollars from the proprietor, who bet he couldn't. Texas had ridden the pony bareback. Then he had produced a lasso from under his coat and flinging it over the amazed proprietor's head, dragged him flying around the ring.

Mark and Dewey meantime had been hunting excitement in another tent, where they had secured a job to take the place of a missing performer, and delivered a lecture exhibiting the treasures of the dime museum. They had been in the midst of it when a tactical officer from the Academy appeared in the distance. Highland Falls being beyond "cadet limits," was forbidden under pain of dismissal, and so the Seven had fled in mortal terror, leaving the show to take care of itself.

The costumes and disguises they had worn were still lying in the woods where they had left them. They were very original costumes, procured by a facetious drum orderly. Mark had a huge striped tennis blazer with checkerboard trousers.

Texas had a flaming red sweater. Chauncey, the dude, had been provided with a dress suit, which he wouldn't wear in the afternoon; so the meek and gentle Indian had swapped with a badly soiled white flannel costume. Dewey had a cast-off uniform of the drum orderly, and "Parson" Stanard, the long and lank geologist from Boston, had a clerical suit with a rip up the back. The seventh member was "Sleepy," surnamed the farmer, who had stayed at home to walk post for punishment; Sleepy was just now hustling around to get something to wear for that evening's adventure.

They were impatient plebes who went to bed that night, and blew out their lights to wait. Four of them slept in an A Company tent, and the other three were in Company B, just across the way. When the watchful "tac" went the rounds with his lantern they were all snoring diligently, but in their haste they barely gave him time to get back to his tent and extinguish the light, before they were up again and in their uniforms, and stealing out to the side of the camp.

They passed in safety one of the sentries, a plebe whom they had "fixed" beforehand, and then the whole seven set out on a run for the woods. It was then about half-past ten, which Chauncey, their authority upon etiquette, assured them was the correct time for a party to begin. Just then they came upon the hiding-place of the cit's clothing, which gave Chauncey something still more important to think about.

Chauncey had been planning all the way how he was going to have that full dress suit and be the one aristocrat in the crowd; he knew it would never enter poor Indian's head to protest.

But when Chauncey tried it the rest merrily vowed that a man who disowned a suit in the afternoon had no right to wear it in the evening, and the result was that the grumbling plebe donned his graceful white flannels again and Indian's bulging figure was crammed into the evening suit. The black-robed Parson stood by in solemn state meanwhile, and remarked occasionally that "as my friend Shakespeare observed, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel,' yea, by Zeus!"

"Though," the Parson added, "I am by no means convinced that William Shakespeare was the author of the words. I find that——"

The Parson found that he was talking to the woods by that time, for the rest of the crowd had fled in mock terror, setting out for the river and leaving the solemn lecturer to follow at his leisure. His gigantic strides soon brought him up with them again, however, and the address was continued until the party had reached the Hudson's shore.

Plebes were not supposed to hire boats, but they can very easily manage it if they have only the money. There was one lying in a designated and secluded nook for them, and a few minutes later the seven were out in the middle of the river. The old tub was nearly under water with the load, but there was no one willing to stay and wait for a second trip. That of course excludes the frightened Indian, who was clutching the gunwale and gazing at the gurgling black waters in mortal terror.

Poor Indian's peace of mind was not added to by the remarks he heard passed round. He was the heaviest in the crowd, and the cause of all the trouble. If the boat began to sink, over he'd have to be thrown! He was a regular Jonah anyhow. Dewey wondered if there were any whales in the Hudson, b'gee. He heard a story, b'gee, etc. Indian wouldn't sink anyhow, for he was too fat; and therefore there wasn't the least bit of reason for his moaning in that way. That only brought the sharks around.

This kept up all the way across. The boat grated on the beach just as Dewey was observing that Indian, in his full dress was such a heavy swell that it was a wonder he hadn't swamped them, and that the reason it was called full dress was because it was so full of Indian. Then the crowd clambered out and made their way up to the road on which Grace Fuller's house was known to be.

## CHAPTER II.

### PARSON STANARD'S BATTLE.

There were not many people about at that time of night, but the few there were stared in unconcealed amazement at that strangely accoutered group.

That did not tend to make them feel any more at ease, for they were desirous of attracting as little attention as possible.

Mark soon discovered that they had made a blunder which was destined to cause them quite some inconvenience. In order to have as short a row as possible, they had headed straight across the river and landed north of Garrisons. Grace Fuller's home lay below the town. The result was that the seven masqueraders found themselves under the unpleasant necessity of passing completely through it in order to reach their destination.

The class of persons who hang about the streets at eleven o'clock at night are not the very best. The plebes soon discovered that all the young hoodlums of the place were apparently abroad and waiting for a chance to annoy some one. It is needless to say that many comments, more or less witty, more or less loud and coarse, were passed upon our queerly dressed friends.

To Mark this was a cause of no little alarm. He wished himself anywhere on earth except upon those streets. For he knew the excitable temper with which his wild Texas friend was blessed, and he feared a volcanic eruption any moment. Mark could restrain Texas up to a certain point; beyond that a regiment of soldiers could not stop him.

They were passing at one time a saloon toward the lower end of the town. It was the lower part in more senses than one, ill-smelling and generally unpleasant. In front of this saloon three or four young fellows were lounging. No sooner did they catch sight of the plebes than instantly there was a cry.

"Hey, fellers! Come out an' see de guys! Gee whiz, what togs!"

In response to this shout a rude crowd of nearly a dozen tumbled out of the door to stare, taking no pains to conceal their amusement at the extraordinary sight.

"Hully gee! D'y' ever see the beat?" roared one.

"Go on, dem's mugs from de circus!" laughed a second.

"Hey, sonny, does yer mother know yer out?" cried another, at which very

witty and original remark the crowd had a fit of laughter.

During this rather unpleasant chaffing the seven had quietly crossed over to the other side of the street. For obvious reasons they were not seeking a quarrel, least of all would they have sought it here.

This move was promptly noted by the gang. There is nothing a tough likes better than to see some sign of cowardice in an adversary, especially if he be a weak-looking adversary, a "sure thing." There was a howl from the crowd.

"Hooray! Look at 'em run!"

"What cher 'fraid of, kids? Nobody wants to hurt yer."

"Come over an' have a drink."

"Let's see yer run!"

To this the seven answered not a word, but merely hurried on. Mark wished that both his hands had not been done up in bandages, however. It was not that he wanted to fight, but that he wanted to hold Texas. He was on one side of this excitable youth and Dewey had him by the arm on the other. The timid Indian, who would have gone round the world sooner than look at a fight, was behind, pushing Texas along as if he had been a baby carriage.

In this peculiar fashion they were getting past admirably, though the Texan's fingers were twitching rather ominously, and his eyes were dancing with half-suppressed excitement.

The gang, however, had no idea of losing some promised sport in that way; the "guying" grew louder and more plentiful.

"Look at de babies run! Gee! dey're 'fraid to look at us!"

"Come on, boys, let's foller 'em. Let's see where dey're goin'."

"Look a-here, Mark," began Texas, at that point. "Look a-yere! I ain't a-goin' to stan' this hyar——"

"Go on," said Mark, sternly. "Hurry up, fellows."

"But durnation, man——"

"You'll have us all in jail, Texas! Not a word, I tell you. I——"

"Hey, dere, kids! Some o' you come back an' we'll learn you how to fight."

By this time the cadets were well started down the street. Beyond talk the crowd had done nothing, except to fire

one pebble, which had hit Indian. Poor Indian hadn't made a sound; he was afraid of making Texas madder still. Indian regarded Texas about as one would a ton of dynamite.

Mark had managed his friend so diplomatically, however, that he thought the danger was all over. It never once entered into Mark's head that anybody else in the seven would lose his temper.

That proved to be the case, however. Chauncey, "the dude," and Parson Stanard, both of whom considered it undignified to hurry, were lagging somewhat in the rear. The contrast of that white flannel and black broadcloth was too much for the hoodlums.

"Hully gee, look at de blackbird!"

"'Ray for the preacher!"

"Bet he's from Boston. Hey, dere, beans, where's yer specs?"

Now it was right there that the trouble began. As we all know, Parson Stanard was from Boston. Moreover, as a true Bostonian he was proud of his native city, the centre of American culture and refinement, cradle of liberty, etc., etc., etc.

Parson Stanard was a very meek and scholarly gentleman. But there are some things that even a scholar will resent. The proverbial worm will turn, as any one who has ever baited a fish-hook can testify. As Webster has put it: "There is a limit to human endurance at which patience ceases to be a virtue." To that limit Parson Stanard had come.

Willingly he would have let them poke fun at him. Perhaps even if they had seen fit to ridicule his wondrous Cyathophylloid coral he might have stood it in silence. They might have insulted the immortal Dana's geology unharmed. But Boston and Bostonians? Never! Quick as a flash the Parson had whirled about.

"By the gods!" he cried. "This is indeed intolerable, and by no means to be suffered unrebuked."

"'Ray! 'ray! Hully gee! De preacher's a-goin' to make a speech!"

"Let her rip, Boston! Fire away, Beans!"

"Hit 'em again!"

"Gentlemen——"

That was as far as the Parson got.

Mark had wheeled in alarm and dashed back to him.

"For Heaven's sake, man!" he cried. "Stop! Can't you see——"

"I see," responded the Boston geologist, with dignity, "that these persons are altogether devoid of respect for—ahem—my native city, the home of freedom. And I mean right here and on this spot to administer to them a rebuke that will last them until their dying day. I mean to summon all the power of my ancestor's eloquence, all the weight of learning and logic I can command. I mean——"

"Whoop! Speech! 'Ray for Boston! Git away, there, an' let him go on!"

The Parson had turned to continue his remarks. Mallory was still trying to stop him, however, and the crowd didn't like that. Neither did the Parson.

"In the words of the immortal Hamlet," he cried, "I command you, 'Unhand me, gentlemen!' I will go on! When an orator, burning with the Promethean fire of inspiration, feels surging up within him immortal words that clamber for expression, when he feels wild passions thronging in his breast, passions that cry to be out and smiting the hordes of iniquity, then I say, in the words of the immortal Horace——"

Here the parson raised his hands solemnly and put on his best Latin accent:

"Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyrannis  
Mente quatit solida——"

The Parson got no farther than that, though if it had been necessary he could have chanted the whole of the famous ode. Just then the affair came to a climax.

The tough gang of course understood nothing of this classic oration, which ought to have moved their souls to tears. All they knew was that that crazy guy was making a speech and promising no end of fun. It would be great sport to have a scrap and "push his slats in" at the end of the proceedings. And accordingly they raised a shout of delight, interspersed with many encouraging comments, swearing with no mild profanity at the rest of the seven, who were trying to stop the speech.

And then suddenly from the rear a

decayed potato came flying and struck the learned Parson full in the mouth!

Can you imagine a marble statue turning red with rage? That comes about as near as anything to describing what happened to the scholarly and solemn orator at that outrageous insult. A thousand things contributed to his anger. The pain, the disgrace, the rudeness in interrupting him in the midst of that wonderful poem! Truly it was enough to "make the very dogs of Rome rise up in rage and mutiny!"

The Parson was not a dog, but he rose, and he rose with a vengeance. In fact, he seemed fairly to tower up before his startled enemies. He drew one deep breath, raised his hands to the stars (for even then the Parson could do nothing hastily) and invoked the aid of his nine Olympian Immortals; and then with a roar of fury shut his fists and plunged like an angry bull into the very midst of his astounded assailants.

Parson Stanard had had one fight before this, as history records it. A few cadets, no more respectful of his genius and learning than these young toughs, had tied him in a sack and dragged him about the Cavalry Plain. The Parson had gotten out of that sack and employed his geological "prehensile" muscles to just the same effect as he was employing them now. The result was a sight for the edification of those immortal gods of his.

The Parson really could hit, and was well up in the theory and formulas of boxing as he was in everything else. And every time he smote his adversaries, whom he termed "Phillistines," he called to witness some new deity of old; finally having exhausted his available stock, he was forced to content himself with Hercules, Achilles, and the rest of the demi-gods and heros. But he still whacked just as hard as ever.

Of course the rest of the plebes had not been slow to rush to his aid. Mark could do nothing, for his hands were hors du combat. But as for the rest of them, it would have been hard to find much better fighters in the Academy.

Texas, of course, was a perfect giant. He plunged back and forth through that crowd, sweeping everything before him. Indian's method was exactly similar, ex-

cept that the terrified lad shut his eyes and hit anything he met, from trees to posts. Chauncey adopted his usual tactics of leading half a dozen of the enemy to chase him, and then getting them all breathless from trying to follow his dodging figure.

As for the rest of them, Sleepy backed himself against the wall (Sleepy seldom stood up without leaning against something) and thus kept his assailants at bay; and lastly, Dewey hovered around Mark to protect him from danger. Mark was like a huge battleship without any powder.

Sometimes we wish that history were different and that we could fix things as we like. It would have made excellent reading if the gallant Parson had been a second Samson among these new Phillistines, and if the gallant plebes had put the rowdies to flight. But they didn't.

The first savage onslaught came very near doing this, but the crowd speedily rallied, and being of far superior numbers, soon turned the tide. Roughs are by no means inexperienced fighters, and moreover, they do not scorn the use of sticks and brickbats when obtainable. Things began to look very squally indeed for the cadets.

The Parson was down and being sat on, walked on, and danced on. Indian had gotten off the track and was still blindly fighting the air half a block up the street. Chauncey was breathless, and Sleepy was tired. Moreover, one of the cowardly gang had discovered Mark's plight, and having subdued Dewey, was punching Mark at his leisure.

Texas alone was unconquered. Texas hadn't had half enough fight to suit him, and was still merrily plunging about the scene and through the crowd, working those cowboy arms like windmills. But Texas, alas, wasn't able to hit every one at once, and so the plot continued to thicken. An interruption, when it came a minute later, was very welcome indeed to the plebes.

Somebody started a cry that brought confusion to the loafers. It was "Police! police!" The "scrap" terminated abruptly; the "scrappers" got up on their feet; and after that there was a wild scurrying in every direction. Three

watchmen attracted by the noise, had suddenly appeared upon the scene.

Now the Seven Devils were, for obvious reasons, as much afraid of cops as their opponents. Texas did everlastingly hate to stop right in the midst of the fun, but he was the only one that shared that feeling; the rest sighed with relief when they realized at last that they were far out of town and beyond danger.

Then they sat down by the side of a little stream and began to wash away the signs of their injuries, wondering what else would happen before long to render them still less fit to pay their visit. And that was the end of Parson Stanard's battle.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE LONG DELAYED VISIT.

Oh, but Grace Fuller's was an imposing house, when finally the plebes managed to find it! It was big and brilliantly lighted, with high old-fashioned porticos. There were spacious grounds about it, too, and tall menacing iron gates in front that made the dubious-looking plebes feel very dubious indeed. As for poor Chauncey, he was simply floored.

"I'll not go in," he vowed indignantly. "Bah! Jove I look like a deuced coal heaver. Suppose there should be a lot of people, there don't cher know?"

That suggestion was a new one for the rest and it made them gasp. They hadn't counted on seeing any one but Grace, and the idea that she might have invited a lot of girls to entertain them was indeed startling, and they talked it over for at least ten minutes before they ventured another move.

The final decision was that the fate of the nation should be left to Indian the only respectable man in the crowd. Indian was to go, and if he found that any one else had been invited to that "party" he was to make a break for the door and fly. Otherwise why then they might be induced to show themselves. Indian didn't like the idea a bit, but the rest threatened him with horrors unnameable until he consented. Then he crept up timidly and rang the bell while the others lay in the bushes and hid.

The sight of the man who came to the door reassured the trembling young hero

somewhat, for it was George the butler who had once set off some cannon for the Seven Devils and turned West Point topsy turvy. A moment later Grace Fuller herself appeared in the hallway a vision of loveliness that made the rest wish they were Indian.

The six heard her inquire anxiously for them; and then they heard Indian begin to stammer and stutter furiously putting in a "Bless my soul!" every few syllables and making the others grit their teeth with rage.

"Plague take him!" muttered Mark. "He'll give it all away."

He did that in a very short while, for a fact; he had not found out who was inside at all when suddenly Grace Fuller sprang out upon the piazza.

"If you boys are out there," she called, "you might as well come in and make yourselves at home. Nobody cares how you're dressed."

After that, of course, there was nothing for them to do but come, as gracefully as they could, which was very ungracefully indeed. They marched sheepishly up the path in single file, each trying to be last. How they ever got the courage to get into the door nobody knew, but they did somehow, making a group which almost caused the dignified butler to commit the heinous sin of smiling, and which made Grace Fuller fairly go into hysterics.

However, they were in, which was something. And that memorable "party" had begun.

It wasn't much of a party, fortunately for the Seven Devils' peace of mind. As it turned out, Grace Fuller hadn't half expected them to come. She was afraid they wouldn't dare take the risk. Here Master Chauncey Van Rensselaer (hero of the smutty white flannel) got in a Chesterfieldian compliment, the drift of which is left to the reader's imagination. Then the girl went on to explain the dilemma she had been in, not knowing whether to prepare for them or not, which promptly "reminded" Dewey of a story.

"Story," said he, "about a tenderfoot who went hunting out West, b'gee, and he came across a beast that he thought was a deer, and then again he had half an idea was a calf. So he looked at his gun and at the beast, and didn't know what

to do. That was the dilemma, b'gee, and the way he got over it was away you might have tried for the party. He shot to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf, b'gee."

Told in Master Dewey's interesting way, that broke the ice, and then everybody settled down to have a good time. Judge Fuller came down stairs a few minutes later and was introduced to the seven, who had, so he surmised politely, expected a masquerade ball. That made them more at ease; they wondered why they hadn't thought of that excuse themselves, and Parson Stanard (gentleman in the clerical costume with a rip up the back) promptly corraled the judge up in one corner and started him on the subject of the Substance and Attributes of Spinoza, and the Transcendental Analytic of Kant.

Meanwhile Grace Fuller was entertaining the rest. As Dewey had predicted, she wanted to thank Mark, though she didn't fall on his neck. She must needs have the story of the gallant rescue told all over again by the rest of the seven, a proceeding which so embarrassed Mark that he went over to learn about Spinoza and Kant. He would not return until Grace went to the piano to sing for them. After that Texas hauled out a mouth-organ, and gave a genuine cowboy jig which moved the Parson, at Judge Fuller's invitation, to render Professor So-and-So's latest theory as to the tune in the parabasis of a Greek comedy.

That scared them all away from the piano, and Dewey told the story of the circus, which he did so vividly that Texas got excited and wanted to lasso something, even starting to undo the rope at his waist and show Grace how it was done. He was finally persuaded that there wasn't room in the parlor, and then to cool him off they went in and had some ice cream. Texas hadn't every seen any of that, and he was very much interested indeed, though he would persist in blowing on it to warm it. Texas entertained the rest very much by wishing "the boys" could be there to watch him eat it; hadn't had so much fun since the Salvation Army raided the ranch and all the boys got religion.

Then somebody discovered that it was

late, and time for that curious visit to terminate. Perhaps it was Judge Fuller, who hadn't been able to escape from the tenacious Parson all evening. Anyway, they started on their return trip, which was destined to prove momentous, after a leavetaking which was affecting all round.

We shall not stop to follow them to the boat, but move on to another place where more lively things were happening,

ably in Mark Mallory's adventures; it was destined to figure just a little more. Smithers, it seemed, was just then engaged in getting out of Highland Falls; it was rather late at night, in fact Sunday morning, but a circus is a thing that has to keep moving. It was scheduled for a place way up the State on Monday, and so every one was hard at work.

There was a long railroad train drawn up at the station a short way from the



ONE OF THE BUFFALO'S SHARP HORNS CRUSHED THROUGH THE BOAT'S SIDE WITH A SNAP (page 1500).

things that were going to cause the Seven Devils no end of excitement before they were through. For out in the middle of the Hudson in a leaky tub is by no means as safe a situation as in bed at Camp McPherson, as the plebes were soon to learn. They had their night's fun before them.

Smithers' World Renowned Circus (!) was the cause of all the trouble. Smithers' circus has already figured consider-

ably in Mark Mallory's adventures. The big tents were all aboard and likewise the most of Mr. Smithers' World Renowned (!) performers; the "Magnificent Menagerie" was being moved when the trouble began.

The wonderful trick elephant was safely shut up in his corner of one car, and likewise Smasher, the fierce untamed Texas bronco ridden by no man—except "Jeremiah Powers, son of the Hon.

'Scrap' Powers, ♂ Hurricane County, Texas." The single degenerate specimen of a laughing hyena, too hungry and disgruntled to laugh at anything, had also joined the family party. Last of all was a solitary and stray specimen of a buffalo, making up the quartette which composed that much advertised menagerie.

One would not have thought that buffalo had in him the capacity for causing any trouble; he was a very lean old buffalo—in fact, everything about Smithers' circus was lean. Even the living skeleton used to complain of hunger. This buffalo bull was old and ragged, reminding one of a moth-eaten rug; and he had a very mild and subdued look about his eyes. Nobody thought him capable of a rebellious action, for he used to trot around the ring daily for the edification of the country people and occasionally he submitted to a yoke and helped the wild elephant get some one of the circus wagons out of a muddy place in the road.

Animals are wily, however; perhaps this beast had just been acting to get a reputation for harmlessness, so that when he did come to rebel he might be sure of success. For to put the whole matter into a nutshell, that buffalo ran away that night.

He took matters into his own hands during the course of the move to the train. They wheeled his cage to the box car and put the door up close and then prodded him to make him move. He moved, but he did not go into the car; instead he poked his shoulders in between the car and the cage and pushed. Before the sleepy circus hands could realize what had happened, he was standing in the middle of the street, waving his tail with much friskiness and gusto.

Of course there was excitement. Smithers came up hot and panting, and after having first sworn at the beast, got an armful of hay and tried to steal a march on him. The beast waited just long enough to show his scorn for such artifices, and then, with a bellow of defiance, wheeled clumsily about and started on a trot up the track.

There was more excitement then. Of course Smithers had to shout and likewise the other circus men, and ditto the

lounge in the neighborhood. That woke up the town; and when a country town wakes up at night there is no telling when the thing will stop. Some people solace themselves by shouting murder under such circumstances; others prefer fire; but however that may be, there are sure to be bells ringing and everybody peering out of their windows to find out if by any chance they had been murdered without knowing it. Anyhow, that was the way it happened in Highland Falls.

Smithers leaped upon a horse and started to lead in the chase; it was a cloudy night, but the moon came out on occasions and just then Smithers could very plainly see the much accused buffalo trotting serenely head up the railroad track. Behind the proprietor were the rest of the circus performers, professors and madams, and likewise all the freaks except the fat lady. Behind them was a nondescript mass of townspeople, farmers and small boys, all out to see the fun and all shouting so as to assure themselves they were having it.

That was about as strange a procession of humanity as the West Shore road had ever seen; but the buffalo knew nothing about it. His mind was filled with the indescribable joy of freedom, a sensation which we Americans are supposed to have at all times. He was shaking his head and his tail defiantly, and also shaking a leg as he skurried on up the track. The proprietor never gained an inch, though he kept his horse going for dear life.

It is less than a mile from Highland Falls to West Point; the buffalo put that distance behind him in no time, but not long after that he struck a snag. The road enters a long black tunnel at West Point. The bull didn't like the looks of that tunnel; neither did he like the looks of Smithers, who was sweeping up in the rear. To make matters worse, there came a roaring sound from the tunnel and a glare of light—the night express. That was too much; the bull plunged down the bank and into the river. A few minutes more and he was far out from shore and a mere black spot upon the water.

Having deserted our friends the Seven Devils, we thus find our way to them again. For the plebes, you remember,

were pulling their heavy old tub across that river when we left them, and their course was such that it took them very near to that buffalo indeed.

And that was how the fun began.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### TEXAS HAS SOME EXCITEMENT.

The Seven Devils were having a first-rate time just then. In the first place they were returning in triumph from a daring venture, about which to tell the angry cadets next morning was a delight to look forward to. Then besides, Master Dewey had hit upon a scheme for their edification. Indian, the fat boy, so Dewey vowed, was taking up more room and sinking the boat more than anybody else. It was only fair that Indian should be made to row. That terrible sentence was now being carried into effect, and poor Indian was in the last stages of perspiration and exhaustion, when the shores of the river echoed with the shouts of encouragement from the others.

It was because they were making so much noise that they did not at first perceive the excitement that was taking place on shore. They heard the roar of the train as it came through the tunnel, and they watched it whirl from the station and around a bend in the river. But Smithers and his circus hands they did not observe for a long time after that. They were too busy exhorting poor Indian.

By the time that buffalo had been in the water some ten minutes, however, the crowd had increased in number to a mob, and then all the Seven Devils' hilarity could not drown their shouts. The rowing stopped abruptly, and the plebes turned in surprise and alarm to stare at the spectators who lined the shore, just barely visible in the half-hidden moonlight. And a moment later a loud snort and a splash was heard in the water very near them.

Mr. Smithers' buffalo had not quite calculated on the size of that river, and he was beginning to get tired. He dared not go back to the shore, and so when he made out a black object in front he made for that in a hurry. The object was the Seven Devils' boat!

The state of mind of the latter may be

imagined. They saw the crowd; and they heard them shouting warnings to "Look out!"

"It's something from the circus!" cried Mark. "Something's got away!"

"Row for your lives!" roared the people on the shore.

All possibility of that was gone, however, for the simple reason that the rower, the timid and terrified Indian, had dropped his oars into the water, leaped up from his seat and began to howl. The others, uncertain as to what the rapidly approaching animal could be, only added to the excitement. Texas at the first shout had hauled out a huge revolver and was standing in the bow with a desperately tragic air ready for anything in the whole realm of nature.

"Oo-oo!" howled Indian. "It's the elephant!"

That caused still more alarm, so that the heavily-weighted old boat began to ship water in great style. But just then the suspense was ended by the moon's appearance from behind a cloud; that showed them the huge buffalo, a sight by no means comforting, even if it was better than an elephant run amuck.

The bull was a huge one even if he was thin; he swam with his head way out of the water, tossing his shaggy mane angrily. Having been hunted and shouted at for some time, the ugly beast was beginning to get mad now, and his little eyes were gleaming.

When he saw the boat and its crowd he turned and started away with all his might; for he saw in them only new enemies trying to capture him. At that the plebes sighed with relief, you may readily imagine. They were helpless prisoners on that boat, and if the bull had come for them they would have been in danger. The danger was past now.

There was one factor, however, that the seven had not counted on. They forgot that they had a wild Texas cowboy on board, a cowboy with "sporting blood" and a tendency to hunt for excitement. Nobody had been watching Texas since that bull hove into sight. Nobody saw that he was dancing about, his fingers twitching and his eyes sparkling. Nobody had seen him thrust the revolver

into his belt and begin fumbling about his waist.

Nobody saw him fling his favorite "rope" to the breeze and begin to whirl it about his head. The first inkling they had of any danger was when to their describable horror they saw the noose sail through the air, hovering and twisting; saw it settle comfortably about the huge beast's neck; and saw the mighty Texan yank it tight with a whoop of triumph.

Things happened after that. Those on shore could not make out just what, though the moon was still bright; but they saw the occupants of the boat rush forward into the bow and a moment later saw the boat whirl around and set out down stream in pursuit of the buffalo, seemingly propelled by some magic hand.

It was exciting for the Seven Devils. The bull was wild with fury, and was plunging through the water at a great rate. Texas had wrapped the rope about the bow, and was playing his fish something after the fashion of the line man in a whaleboat. As for the boat itself, it was mostly under water, and splashing and plunging dangerously. But Texas didn't care for that; he only yelled the louder and scared his prisoner into still greater exertions.

The others who were not quite so much infected with the excitement, looked to see their heavily-laden boat founder any moment. Mark even went so far as to inquire who could swim, a question which set poor Indian (who couldn't) into howls; Indian was sure that his time had come; that the others (who could) would go off and leave him to perish beneath the gurgling black water. He took a preliminary hold on the Parson's coat-tails to make sure that he was not deserted.

The interesting trip did not last very long, however, for the simple reason that the buffalo got tired. His speed relaxed, and finally he stopped entirely and turned around to glare at the boat and his captors who were in it. Texas, without a word, removed the rope from where he had fastened it, and calmly proceeded to haul the animal in. He didn't pay a bit of attention to the remonstrances of the others, whose aim it was to keep the creature away; Texas was managing this, he told them, and he was going to finish

that job if he had to drown the buffalo and them, too, doggone their boots!

Nearer and nearer came the savage beast, bellowing furiously, churning the water all about him, and shaking his head like an angry pickerel might do under similar circumstances. There was never a fisherman cooler than Texas, however, and there were few of them every caught a stranger fish.

Texas was handicapped, however, by the fact that though he had plenty of strength to draw his prize to him, he had none to keep it away. And the whole business failed because of that. When the bull got within a few feet of the boat he lowered his head and made one more dash. This time he rushed toward the boat instead of away, and he met with more success.

The seven scattered to the bow and stern when they saw their danger; an instant later one of the sharp horns of the enraged creature struck the side and crushed through the wood with a snap, keeling the boat over and sending its occupants flying through the air. And that was the last the shouting spectators on the shore could see, for the clouds swept over the moon again, and nothing was audible but the hoarse bellows of the buffalo and a few smothered cries from the water.

## CHAPTER V.

### SEVEN LUNATICS AND A REPORTER.

There was not a boat to be seen anywhere, so the crowd was helpless and horrified. The only thing that prevented a serious accident was first the fact that the boat was very near to the shore, and second that the furious beast had gotten his horns well wedged into the wood so that he could not chase the plebes if he had wanted to.

Mark Mallory was a strong swimmer, as those who remember his rescue of Grace Fuller can testify; his hands were all bandaged up, which interfered with him considerably, but he had gotten off his coat in expectation of some such smash-up as this, and so he was able to take care of himself. The only person who needed help was Indian. As Dewey had said, Indian was too fat to sink; he fairly bounced about on the top of the

water, something after the fashion of a bubble. He was scared none the less, however, and his yells and gurgles made the horrified people on the shore imagine he was being gored to death.

Several of the plebes got him by the hair of his round little head and towed him in; where he was pulled ashore by some one. The others straggled in one by one, Mark and the dignified Chauncey, who considered it bad form to hurry, coming last. Once on land they stared at each other in disgust, while the crowd gathered about them to ask questions; and then suddenly Mark gave an exclamation of alarm. He noticed that one of the seven was missing.

"Where's Texas?" he cried.

That was the first time any one had missed the gallant cowboy; for, sure enough, he was not there.

"That rope was tied about his waist," shouted Dewey. "He couldn't get away!"

Dewey made a dash for the water, several of the others at his heels. But at that moment a voice was heard from the darkness that made them stop in surprise.

"You fellers needn't be a-comin' out hyar fo' me," said the voice. "Durnation, I'm a-gittin' in all right, only it's slow. Git up, thar, you durnation ole coyote of a buffalo, you, doggone your boots, git up!"

The sight which loomed up in the darkness a few minutes later was rather a startling one. There was the huge, shaggy buffalo, exhausted and subdued, but still swimming, and there was the hilarious Texas mounted on his back!

That insult and indignity had taken all the spirit out of the beast; he was allowing himself to be steered meekly by the horns, and when he scrambled up the bank he allowed Smithers' men to tie him up without a word of protest, the triumphant cowboy still keeping his seat. And that was the end of the excitement.

The amazement of Smithers, the proprietor of the circus, may be imagined. The last time he had seen Texas was while Mark Mallory (Professor Salvatori) had been making a speech to the crowd in the dime museum tent, when Texas had made an attack upon the professor and been chased out of the town. Here

he was again, driving buffalo in the Hudson. And there was Professor Salvatori, too, still in his old tennis blazer, talking to the cowboy without a trace of anger. Truly it was puzzling.

There were other people thought that, too, as the seven outlandishly costumed creatures turned and started to hurry away. Nobody there had the least idea who they were; the idea of their being cadets had never occurred to a soul—that is, except to one. It is our purpose to tell about him now.

He was a young man, spry and chipper. In one hand he held a rather portly notebook and in the other a fountain pen. He had been making all sorts of inquiries of Smithers and his men, assuming the killingly business-like air always worn by young reporters, who think thereby to hide the fact that they are young. This young reporter thought he had right here the chance of his lifetime to make himself famous. He saw a chance for three columns on the first page about the things that had happened to Smithers' circus that day and he meant to work that chance for every word it was worth.

As we have said, a vague sort of an idea had flitted across his mind that they were cadets; if they were they would not want to tell; but also if they were it would mean a still bigger chance for him. And he registered a solemn vow that he was going to trace this mystery up if he died for it.

So when he saw the seven sneak away he followed and spoke to them, notebook in hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish you would let me have your names and full particulars about this matter. I'm a reporter, from the New York Globe, and I must get the facts."

The alarm which his announcement created served to increase his suspicions. The seven held a consultation, at the end of which one of them, evidently their leader, responded:

"We can't give our names."

"Why not?" inquired the reporter.

"We don't want to."

"Well, I've got to get them, that's all."

"But you won't."

"Well, you watch me and see."

"Do you mean you're going to follow us?"

"That's exactly what I do."

"What! You durnation little coyote, you, doggone your boots, I'll——"

"Shut up, Texas. Come here."

"After that there was another consultation; it ended in a most surprising and, to the reporter, unexpected move. The seven wheeled about and dashed away at top speed into the woods.

The reporter saw the ruse, and he chuckled merrily to himself; two can play at that game, he thought, and set out in pursuit.

We who know who the seven were can readily understand that he had no trouble in keeping them in sight. Indian would have made a first-rate centre rush on a football team, but as a long distance runner he was "no go." So the seven gave up in disgust and despair, and let the reporter catch up to them again.

Texas' temper had been rising during this brief sprint, and when he stopped he reached for his wet revolver.

"I'll stop him," he muttered. "Durnation, I'll scare him till he's blue."

"It won't do any good," said Mark, holding his excitable friend back. "He's got an idea we are cadets, and he'll say so in the paper anyhow. Then there'll be an investigation, and out we go."

"Oo-oo!" wailed Indian, still gasping for breath. "I wish we hadn't come. Bless my soul!"

"What'll we do then?" growled Texas, speaking to Mark, who still held him back.

"We've simply got to fool him," declared Mark. "We've got to make him think we're somebody else. It's going to be hard work, too."

The reporter had been watching them from the distance during this. He saw them talking together in consultation for some ten minutes more, and then one of their number, the one with the bandaged hands, stepped out and spoke to him.

"I suppose there's no use trying to fool you," said he. "Come up here and we'll tell you who we are. You may be able to help us, anyway."

Extract from the New York Globe, a special late edition on Sunday morning:

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

"Brutality in an Asylum!"

"Inmates Driven to Desperation by Outrages!"

"Special to the Globe."

"The Harrowing Tale of Seven Escaped Lunatics."

"Garrisons, N. Y., August 11.—The Globe is enabled to present to its readers to-day a tale of official cruelty such as has seldom been known in this State. This extraordinary series of incidents was discovered by the matchless enterprise and indomitable persistence of the Globe men and will be found in this paper exclusively. Read the Globe!"

(This was in big type across the top of the first page; below it was a huge picture, labeled, "Faces of the Seven Lunatics. Sketched by a Globe Artist on the Spot." After that were half a dozen columns of the "news.")

"The Adventures of the Seven!"

"Wild Doings of the Escaped Lunatics Which Led to their Identification."

"A Raid Upon a Circus!"

"There was intense excitement in Highland Falls to-day. Driven to desperation by the excessive cruelties, all of which are described in another part of the paper in the very words of the unfortunate wretches, the latter forced their way from the asylum and took Highland Falls by storm. One of them, a lad from Texas, with a history that is perfectly harrowing in its details (see seventh column) ran amuck and nearly killed the proprietor of the circus by lassoing him and dragging him round the ring (page two, third column). After that he released one of the buffalos in the show and rode the animal out into the river.

"The seven have now disappeared into the woods. The mayor of Highland Falls is organizing a searching party to recapture them. The lunatics have vowed to die first; they consented to talk to the Globe reporter only because, knowing the great influence of the paper, they thought that the outrages might be suppressed.

"This will surely be done. The Globe is already draughting a bill for the

new legislature, abolishing the frightful house of torture. It is the New York Home for the Insane, its precise location being as yet unascertained. The officials of the place have kept the escape of the prisoners a secret through fear of having their nefarious practices made public. But the enterprise of the *Globe* has thwarted them.

"The tale told by the wretched prisoners is almost beyond belief. They are dangerous, all of them, showing their delusions in every act, though constantly protesting that they are not mad. One of them wears a dilapidated clerical costume and preached a most extraordinary sermon while the others were telling their stories to the reporter. Another wears a bell-boy's uniform, and persists in running an elevator at all times, though he is the son of a prominent Washington official.

"The man from Texas flourished a lasso and a revolver and seemed under the delusion that the *Globe* reporter's notebook was meant for target practice. An idea of the risks run by those who procured this extraordinary news may be gained when it is said that it was only by the utmost cunning that the reporter managed to prevent this wild creature from shooting him. The maniac danced about and shouted strange cowboy exclamations during the whole proceedings.

"Still another of the seven was a rather stout and seemingly harmless person who persisted in claiming that he was a head waiter. He wore a tattered dress suit and amused himself in collecting tips. The reporter could get no leisure to take notes except by feeling this extraordinary character continually.

"Number five was clad in a most remarkable outing suit and spoke with a decided London accent. Apparently his only idiosyncrasy was the idea that he was a baronet. The rest informed the reporter that his father was a noted criminal and formerly a bootblack, but this was indignantly denied by the Englishman, who grew quite violent and vowed that he would not stand the insult.

"Another had perhaps the strangest delusion of all. He persisted in calling himself the "Sleeping Beauty," though

no one less beautiful could possibly be imagined. He dozed incessantly during the interview, and his companions stated that he seldom did anything else while in the institution where they were imprisoned. The unfortunates spoke mournfully of the frightful amount of work they had been compelled to do there. They are evidently fearful of having to return, but this the *Globe* is determined to prevent.

"The most horrible specimen among the maniacs is mentioned last. He is a tall and exceedingly handsome young man, and to all appearances is perfectly sane. He stated that he had been incarcerated in that institution by a cruel uncle, who has thus defrauded him of his rights. This uncle he continually referred to as 'Uncle Sam.'

"This young man offered to show the reporter his back, which was bruised by blows inflicted upon him by cruel tormentors, his superiors who objected to some trifling acts of his. Also both of his hands were completely bandaged; he had been tortured by fire. It makes one shudder to think that such things can be in this Nineteenth Century of ours.

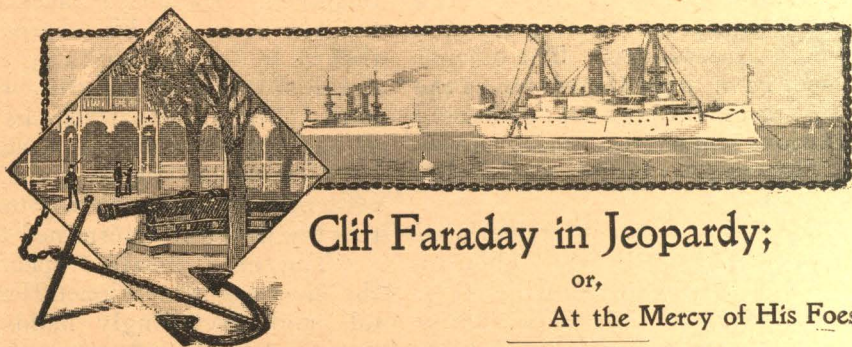
"In concluding this introductory article the *Globe* wishes to call the attention of its readers to its extraordinary enterprise in securing this absolutely first account. The paper's servants ran most terrible risks in venturing into the woods with these desperate maniacs. Yet such sacrifices the search for truth demands.

"The *Globe* intends to probe this matter to the very bottom. A special corps of detectives has been engaged, and our readers may rest assured that this first account will be supplemented by all possible details. Etc., etc., etc., etc."

Can you imagine how the Seven Devils howled when that paper arrived at West Point? They have scarcely stopped yet.

[THE END.]

The next West Point novelette by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A., will be entitled "Mark Mallory's Cleverness; or, Turning the Tables on the Enemy." Army and Navy No. 33.



## Clif Faraday in Jeopardy;

or,

At the Mercy of His Foes.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A CONSPIRACY.

"What! You don't mean it?"

"It's true, Kelley."

"But how—great Scott! Sharpe, the thing is impossible. He's aboard the Monongahela. You say she sailed the other day from New London."

"That's true, too, but I saw Clif Faraday and that chump of a friend of his, Joy, in a boat down at the wharf not ten minutes ago."

"I can't believe it."

"Do you think that I could mistake Clif Faraday?"

"No, I guess not. You hate him as much as I do, Sharpe. But how in the name of all that's wonderful did he get in here in a yacht's boat?"

"There's been a rescue at sea or something by the Monongahela, I suppose. I didn't stop to make any inquiries, I can tell you. When I looked down from the wharf and saw Lieutenant Cole and Faraday and a lot of fellows from the practice ship, I was in a blue funk, I scooted to beat the band."

"Afraid they would arrest you for desertion, eh?"

"Yes. I know that shot I fired in Flannigan's saloon in New London the time Crane and I were trying to do up Trolley didn't kill anyone, but I thought it did."

"And you are not going back to the Academy?"

"I don't think. Not much. I would get fired anyway, and it would kick up no end of a muddle. I am tired of the life and I'd rather be out of it. I can get my old man to square matters after a while,

and until that time I'll keep out of sight down here."

"Sensible idea. I am glad I'm out of the Academy myself. It's no place for a gentleman when they allow poverty stricken cads like Faraday to enter. Blast him!"

"You have cause to hate the fellow, there's no doubt about that. It was through him that you were dismissed last June. Wasn't it something to do with a fire in the Laboratory building?"

Kelley, ex-naval cadet, nodded as if he did not care to pursue the subject. The part he had taken in the affair was no credit to him as he well knew.

The two speakers were standing under the shelter of an awning in the main street of Lewes, Delaware. A drizzling rain had been falling all afternoon, and the day seemed destined to end in dampness and storm.

It was while Sharpe had been hastening from the wharf that he suddenly encountered a former comrade at the United States Naval Academy. It was a mutual surprise, and the two stopped to talk over old times.

Kelley was clad in rough clothes similar to those worn by merchant sailors, and the other found it hard to connect him with the trim, good-looking cadet he had previously known.

Fate had treated Kelley as he deserved. A headstrong, unscrupulous youth with a mean, petty nature, he had found his level as a foremast hand on a coasting schooner then lying in the harbor at Lewes.

Sharpe had been a cadet corporal on board the Monongahela, but after the

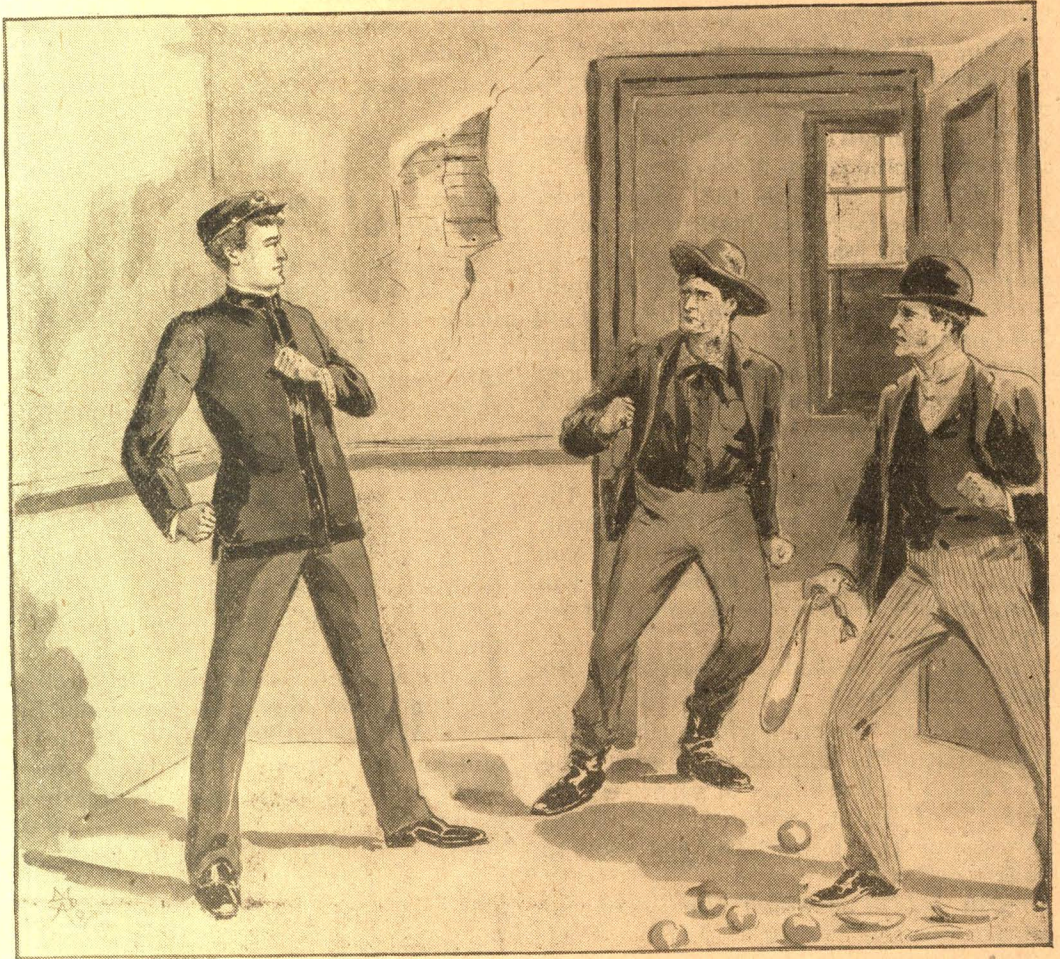
shooting scrape in New London had fled, and had gone to this quaint village to secure a hiding place with a relative.

Thus it happened that this pair of worthies had met in this unexpected manner, and in this old-fashioned village. They were so engrossed in their discussion of these particulars and of the equally surprising appearance of their former comrades upon the scene that they failed to notice for a time that there was a com-

Faraday will recognize us. There he is with Lieutenant Cole."

"Yes, I see him," growled Kelley. "Blast him! I'd like to get one more chance at him. Wouldn't I——"

"Come," exclaimed Sharpe, drawing his companion into a side street. "Ah, this is better. Now we can talk it over. I don't bear that upstart any more love than you do. If we could only lure him away from the boat we could do him



"JUMP HIM, KELLEY," SHOUTED SHARPE. "NOW IS OUR CHANCE!" (page 1511).

motion at the foot of the street upon which they stood.

But after a time Sharpe happened to glance toward the water front and gave a start as he discerned a group of naval cadets approaching.

"Thunder! this won't do!" he exclaimed, grasping his companion's arm. "I forgot all about those fellows. We'll have to get out of sight or that cad

up in great shape. What do you say?"

"I'm in for anything," muttered Kelley. "We might drug him and have him sent to Navassa Island or some other out of the way place."

"I don't know about drugging Faraday. That's been tried on him several times and I am afraid it won't work with him again. Do you know, Kelley, I hate that fellow so that I wouldn't mind

smashing in his head if I thought I would not be found out."

A look of vindictive hate came across the speaker's face that for an instant startled even his hardened companion.

"Ah, well," exclaimed Kelley, with a short laugh, "First catch your hare, you know. That's what puzzles me. It won't do to let him see us while he is with his gang or there will be the deuce to pay. We can't decoy him to some quiet spot with a letter because he don't know any body in this town."

"No, and it won't do to waylay him and knock him on the head. We might not get a good chance, and besides, this town in so small that everybody knows all that is going on in it."

"Well, what will we do? You know the lay of the land here better than I do."

Sharpe knit his brows and gave to the problem a concentration of thought worthy a better cause. So absorbed in their unholy plot were the pair that they did not see the approach of a lad of about ten or twelve, barefooted and with a shock of yellow hair sticking out of a tattered straw hat.

"Hello, uncle Tharpe!" lisped the newcomer as he halted before them, "thome of them thailor fellerth like you uthed to be has just landed here and I'm going to thee them. Don't you want ter come along?"

Sharpe gave a sudden start and his brow cleared up.

"I have it!" he cried with a vehemence that startled his companions and set the lad's eyes in a fixed stare of surprise. "I have it. Hold on, Sammy," he added, addressing the boy. "Do you want to make a dollar?"

"You bet!" answered the astonished lad, laconically.

"Then you do as I tell you and I'll give it to you. If you don't," he added, seizing the lad by the collar, "if you don't, I'll trounce the life out of you! Mind that now, do you hear?"

"Yeth, thir, I'll do it," replied the trembling youngster.

"All right, remember it's a dollar or the worst thrashing you ever had. In the first place, don't you dare to say to anybody that I was one of these sailor fellows as you call it, and don't you breathe a

word of what I ask you to do. Mind that, and the dollar is easily earned. Now, come along and I'll tell you what I want you to do."

With this he retraced his steps toward the main street, leading the lad with him. He paused at the street corner and cautiously looked around.

"Ah, there he is," he exclaimed. "Here, Sammy, do you see that young fellow walking up to the postoffice?"

He indicated a handsome youth in cadet uniform who was gaily crossing the dusty street not far away. It was Clif Faraday.

"Yeth, I thee him," exclaimed Sammy. "My, don't he look fine?"

"Take a good look at him," continued Sharpe. "I want you to play a joke on him for me."

"My! you're willing to give me a dollar jest fer playin' a joke! Golly, I'd do it for nawthing."

"Yes, I know you like playing jokes," said Sharpe, with a wink at Kelley, "but this one will be such a good one if you do it right that I am willing to make you a present."

"Yes," assented Kelley. "This will be a good joke, and no mistake."

"Now, Sammy," continued Sharpe with a mirthless laugh, "I want you to take that young fellow down to the end of the board walk to the old wreck opposite the breakwater, you know, and when you get him there you sneak away and leave him. Won't that be a bully joke to have him hunting around for you on the old wreck while you are back here safe and sound?"

"He! he! he!" snickered Sammy. "He'll be loht and won't get back here until the other thailor fellerth have left, an' trhen he'll have to hire a boat to get away in. He! he! he!"

"I thought you'd like the joke," said Sharpe. "Now, if you want to play it right, you'll have to be cute. Don't let any of the others see what you are doing, or it will spoil it all. He's alone in the postoffice now. Go up to him, make him believe that there is something wonderful to be seen—curious old ship—only take a few minutes and all that—and get away with him as soon as possible. It will be the best joke of the season."

## CHAPTER II.

"Yeth, thir, I think tho," responded the lad as he hurried away, a broad grin overspreading his features.

He had no more than turned the corner when a change came over his countenance. The broad grin vanished and a look of shrewdness came into his eye.

"That's awful funny," he muttered. "Uncle Tharpe ain't uthed to giving me dollarth to play joketh on people—not much. I know he got into thome trouble with thome thailor fellerth an' that's what he's doing hiding down to our houth. He can't fool me, if I am a kid. He's up to thome of hith trickth, but, golly, he'll lamm the life outen me if I don't do what he thaid. Anyhow, there ain't no harm in me athking a feller to go look at the wreck. Maybe that thailor feller would like to thee it anyhow."

As he went along musing thus he cast a hasty glance behind and saw that Sharpe was watching him from around the corner. He quickened his steps and reached the postoffice.

"Do you think that will work?" asked Kelley as Sharpe reported that Sammy had reached his destination.

"It's our only safe chance," replied the other. "Faraday won't suspect anything—he don't know we're here. And Sammy loves a joke and is a very cute little rascal. He'll get that cad down to the old wreck, I'll gamble on that."

"What then?" asked Kelley.

Sharpe looked cautiously around. There was no one near them but still he seemed afraid to speak aloud. Instead he drew closer to his companion and whispered earnestly for a few moments his face becoming darker with hate as he proceeded.

"Good Heavens!" cried Kelley as the other had finished. "Do you mean it?"

"Why not? It's perfectly safe. I don't think you ought to be squeamish after what—but no matter, if you want to back it. If you're afraid——"

"I've never gone back on a pal yet," interrupted Kelley with a short, hard laugh. "I'm with you."

The two worthies, watching and waiting for the development of their plot, exchanged meaning looks. They understood each other.

## CLIF WALKS INTO THE TRAP.

Clif Faraday, wholly unconscious of the plotting of his enemies, and, in fact, ignorant of their presence in the village, was busily engaged in the postoffice writing a letter to his mother. The two ex-cadets were farthest from his thoughts at that time.

His appearance at that out-of-the-way village was accounted for in this wise:

The U. S. training ship Monongahela after returning from her practice cruise had put in at New London, where the then Cadet Corporal Sharp had become involved in the scrape to which allusion was made in the previous chapter. Soon after, the Monongahela left, bound for Annapolis. On the way she encountered a sailing yacht which acted in such a suspicious manner as to attract attention.

Investigation proved that there had been a mutiny aboard. The mutineers were seized and transferred to the Monongahela in irons. A prize crew, with Clif Faraday and his ever mournful friend, Joy, among them, was put on board under charge of Lieutenant Cole.

Convoyed by the Monongahela they continued on down the coast, when a fierce storm sprang up. The yacht, laboring heavily in the gale, became separated from the training ship, and was compelled to put in for shelter behind the Delaware Breakwater.

On the afternoon which opens our story the storm had somewhat abated. Lieutenant Cole with a boat's crew had gone ashore for the purpose of telegraphing his whereabouts. Clif and Joy were among the number, and on landing received permission to go up into the village.

The boys were in great good humor, though no one would suspect it by looking at Joy's lugubrious countenance. It was a day he had with him.

"Durn the mutineers," he exclaimed to Clif, "taking us away from the Monongahela. Still, they're not as much to blame as our own officers. The idea of loading those poor fellows down with irons. I'm a man of peace and I think it's a downright shame. Use peaceful methods I say."

"You're at it again, I see," laughed

Clif, "howling for peace, but aching for war. What peaceful measures would you adopt with the prisoners?"

"What would I do, durn them?" exclaimed Joy, solemnly. "I'd take the whole blamed caboodle of them on top of the breakwater out there and fire them into the raging Atlantic, irons and all—that's what I'd do!"

"Good boy!" laughed Clif. "You'll have peace if you have to fight for it, I can see that."

"Joy," exclaimed Lieutenant Cole as they neared the postoffice, "come with me to the telegraph office. I have a few purchases I desire to make after attending to this telegram, and wish you to take them to the boat. Faraday, you may write that letter you spoke about, but don't make it too long," he added with a smile. "You wrote one in New London, you know. Be at the boat in an hour."

Thanking him for the liberty, Clif gaily hurried across to the postoffice, and was soon writing rapidly.

"I'll fool the lieutenant this time," smiled Clif. "Just because he happened to see that I wrote to Tess Herndon the other day, he thinks this is another in the same direction. But it's not—it's to mother."

His eyes took on a faraway look, and his mouth a wistful expression, as he continued his writing.

He was interrupted by the entrance of a barefooted youngster who bumped into him as if to attract his attention.

"Hello, youngster!" exclaimed Clif, stopping to survey the comical looking lad who was smilingly surveying the cadet with evident admiration. "What's your name?"

"Thammy Thipple, thir," lisped the lad. "My, don't you look fine! Thome day I'm going to be a thailor like you, too."

Clif smiled and resumed his writing. His thoughts were busy with the messages of love he was penning to his mother. The newcomer was not to be put off lightly, however.

"Thay!" resumed the lad. "Don't you want to go with me and thee the old wreck of the Ajax? I'll take you there."

"Haven't got time," replied Clif, without pausing in his writing.

"But, thay, it ain't far, an' it's a wonderful thight—the wreck's a hundred yearth old an' got skeletonth floating around in the hold, an' ghosths walk all over it at night. Thay, you musthent mith it."

"I'm too busy," began Clif, as he began another page.

"Thay, it won't cost you a penny, an' I'll thow you thome other thighth."

"Well, you're a persistent youngster," exclaimed Clif, good naturedly, laying down his pen. "But I can't go with you. Here's a quarter for you, though."

At the sight of the silver coin Sammy forgot all about him uncle and the errand upon which he had been sent. He grasped the money with wide open eyes and a broad grin, and backed toward the door.

"Thank you, thir," he exclaimed as he disappeared through the doorway. But when he reached the sidewalk and saw Sharpe watching him from the corner, his smile disappeared.

"Golly, won't uncle Tharpe be mad," he muttered as he slowly drew near the waiting conspirators. "But I don't care. I got a quarter, an' that's more'n uncle would give me, I bet."

It was evident to Sharp that the lad's mission had been a failure, and he did not receive the youngster very graciously. In fact, he was in a towering rage, and no sooner heard from the lad's lips that Clif had declined to go to view the wreck than he administered a savage kick to the latter that sent him whimpering away.

Naturally enough Sammy did not relish this treatment and muttered to himself as he dodged around the nearest corner.

He was by no means a fool, and his uncle's reception had more that confirmed what suspicions he had previously had. Clif's manly appearance and possibly the shining silver piece which he had given him had made a favorable impression on the lad.

"Uncle Tharpe's up to thome trick," he muttered as he tenderly rubbed the spot where Sharpe's boot had landed. "I'm going to thee what it ith."

When a frowsy headed lad of American extraction sets out to find anything, he generally succeeds.

"Well," said Kelley, when he and Sharpe were left alone, "I didn't think Faraday would be caught with that scheme."

"Perhaps you can suggest a better one," retorted Sharpe.

"If we want him we'll have to get him quick," replied Kelley. "For one I'd like to do him up. I tell you what, the situation is desperate and only desperate measures will succeed. I'll go for him myself."

"You go for him in broad daylight!" exclaimed Sharpe. "You're no match for Faraday in a fair fight, and you know it. Besides, you'll be sure to be caught if you attempt any violence in this little town."

"I'm not fool enough to undertake anything of that sort. I've got a better scheme. Is there any out-of-the-way hut near town that we could use for a little while?"

"There's a deserted shanty near the wreck of the Ajax. You know where that is."

"Yes, I saw the wreck when we came into port."

"Well, about a hundred yards this side of that is an old log cabin—the only one near there—and it has been empty for several years."

"I can find it all right. You go there as quickly as you can, and I'll bring Faraday there. Between us we can overpower him easily enough."

"But how will you persuade him to go with you? He'll——"

"Leave that to me," replied Kelley. "Hurry along, we've not got any time to spare. Faraday's companions will soon rejoin him."

Without further parley the pair separated, Kelley starting boldly for the postoffice and Sharp hurrying off toward the appointed rendezvous.

Cautiously following in the wake of the latter was a barefoot boy with a tattered straw hat drawn down over his eyes.

Kelley entered the postoffice with a bold front. Clif Faraday had just finished writing his letter and was directing the envelope. His back was turned to the newcomer.

Kelley, without seeming to notice Clif, walked up to the stamp window and laid some money down.

"Give me a two-cent stamp," he exclaimed, in a voice plainly heard by Clif, who was not far off.

There was something strangely familiar to Clif in the tones of the speaker's voice and he gave the newcomer a sharp, sudden look as he mechanically sealed the envelope. The rough clothing of the seaman was such a contrast to the trim cadet uniform, and the slouchy manner of the common sailor so at variance with the erect bearing of a naval cadet that there was considerable excuse for Clif's not recognizing him at first glance.

The newcomer was apparently oblivious of the presence of the naval cadet, but as he turned away from the window with his purchase in his hand he found Clif staring at him.

With a well-stimulated expression of surprise he returned the look and apparently started in recognition.

"Clif Faraday, by all that's wonderful!" he cried, as Clif deposited his letter in the box. "Who would have expected to find you here? Why, don't you know me? The last time we met," he added, with a rueful smile, "was the day the Monongahela started on the practice cruise and——"

"Yes, Kelley," answered Clif, calmly surveying the other. "I remember you and I have a very vivid recollection of the occasion, too. You tried to prevent my sailing on the summer cruise by confining me on board the schooner, White Fawn."\*

"Come, old fellow," exclaimed Kelley. "Don't treasure that up against me. Let bygones be bygones. You gave me a well deserved thrashing on that occasion, and I have been wanting to see you since to thank you for it. Honestly, it made another man of me. The manly way in which you gave me a chance to defend myself after you had me at your mercy and your not giving me up to the authorities made a deep impression on me. I know I treated you dirty mean at other times and don't deserve anything from you, but I have suffered for it. Look where I am, a mast hand on a coasting schooner. Surely you won't refuse to shake hands just because I'm in hard luck."

\*"Clif Faraday's Triumph," *Army and Navy* No. 15.

Kelley played his part well. He knew Clif's characteristic tenderness of heart and magnanimous treatment of an enemy and that an appeal to them was never made in vain. In this case he was not mistaken.

"Well, Kelley," exclaimed Clif, taking the latter's proffered hand. "I don't believe in jumping on a fellow when he's down. I'd rather see him rise, and I wish you every luck. I——"

"I knew it!" cried Kelley, with apparent joyfulness. "This meeting is a god-send. I was worrying over a matter when I came in here and not expecting to meet you. Now, I know you will help me——"

"I'm not very well heeled myself," interrupted Clif, drawing out his purse. "But here's a V I can let you have if that will help you out."

"No, no!" cried Kelley, refusing the proffered bill. "It's not for myself. There's another one of the boys who is worse off than I am. By the way, are any others of the fellows ashore?"

"Yes, Lieutenant Cole is at the telegraph office, and——"

"Then come outside—around the corner—somewheres where they won't see me. They're not as generous as you and would make trouble. It will take only a few minutes for me to tell you what I want. Come."

They were standing in the doorway of the postoffice, and Clif, after a moment's hesitation, allowed himself to be led around the corner. Kelley did not offer to go far, and there was nothing in his manner to arouse Clif's suspicion.

But Kelley smiled to himself.

"The tender-hearted fool!" he mused. "He's swallowing the bait, hook and all!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN THE WRECK OF THE AJAX.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Clif, as they came to a standstill.

"It's about Sharpe——" began Kelley. "Sharpe?"

"Yes, he's here, very sick—almost dead, in fact. I heard this morning that he was lying at a house at the edge of the town and went to see him. It would make your heart bleed to see the condition he's in. He's in an old tumble down shanty,

no money to buy food or medicines and without medical attendance."

"What brought him to this place?" asked Clif.

"He got into a row in New London—shot a fellow, he says—and came here to hide with relatives that lived here. But they had moved away—nobody knows where—he was taken sick and had no money, so he took refuge in a deserted shanty and there he's been ever since. What makes his condition worse is that he is brooding over his troubles and expects every minute to be arrested for murder."

"But that shot didn't kill any one," cried Clif.

"I tried to make him think so, because, as I told him, there had been no hue and cry in the papers about it; but he won't be persuaded. He starts at every sound and is dying for want of proper food and medicines because he was afraid to venture out. I spent what little money I had to buy him a few things. But you can do him more good than any one else——"

"Well, I'm sure I'm sorry for him. Here, take this money and——"

"You can do him more good by going to see him," interrupted Kelley. "I know he did not always treat you right, but the fellow's sorry for it, as he told me himself, and he's in a bad shape. Nothing will do him as much good as a visit from you. Come, it's not far away, and won't take long."

Clif hesitated for a moment.

"I'll hunt up Lieutenant Cole and be back in a few minutes," he said last. "And Joy, I'm sure he'll contribute something, too."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Kelley. "Do you intend telling the lieutenant that Sharpe is here, and then have the poor devil arrested for desertion?"

"No," replied Clif. "I can't go without permission, though."

"That's not necessary. It's only a short distance down at the end of this street—we can run there and back in a few minutes. Just consider the poor devil's condition and that a word from you will save him. He thinks he has murdered a man, is brooding over it, and for all I know may this minute be contemplating hastening his end by a pistol shot. But if you

will run over there with me and tell him that no one was killed by his hand in New London, he'll believe you, and that will do him more good than medicine. Can you refuse such a small favor?"

No, Clif could not refuse. Kelley had told his tale in such a plausible manner that it had carried conviction with it. There was yet nearly an hour of liberty remaining to him, and in half that time a fellow being's mind might be set at ease. Every instinct of his kindly nature urged him on.

"I'll go, Kelley," he exclaimed, quickly. "Lead the way. But hold on," he added as they started. "Isn't there some place where I can buy some fruit to take along to him?"

Kelley colored slightly at this evidence of Clif's unsuspecting good nature and looked for an instant as if he regretted the despicable part he was playing. But it was too late to back out now.

"No need of that now," he exclaimed, rather roughly. "I took him some this morning."

But Clif insisted and soon they were on their way to the old hut, Clif carrying a bundle of delicacies well calculated to tempt the sick.

Conversation lagged on the way. Kelley seemed to have something on his mind and only answered his companion in monosyllables. Clif attributed this taciturnity to Kelley's concern for his sick friend and gave him credit for much goodness of heart.

The drizzling rain had continued with but an occasional let up, but neither seemed to mind it. At last they had passed the rambling houses at the outskirts of the town and were entering upon a stretch of clear land beyond.

"How much further is it?" asked Clif, halting for a moment and looking about him.

"That whitewashed hut just ahead of us is the place," answered Kelly, indicating a log cabin not far from the water's edge.

"Near the hull of that old wreck beyond?" asked Clif. "That must be the Ajax that a comical youngster with a taking lisp offered to show me this afternoon," he added, laughing at the recollection of the lad's description: "Floating

skeletons in the hold, ghosts and all that."

"Very likely," said Kelley, shortly.

In a few minutes they had reached the building, and, after a loud knock upon the door, Kelley opened it and stepped side to allow Clif to enter. As the latter did so, his conductor cast a hasty glance around the building and hurriedly followed, closing the door quickly behind.

His survey of the surroundings, comprehensive as it had been, was still not accurate enough to disclose to him the staring eyes and tattered straw hat of a youth which were just visible above a big mound of sand behind the hut. Sammy Sipple with all the persistence of a boy who wants to know, was on hand.

Clif found himself in a room bare of all furniture. Beyond this was another room, the door between the two standing slightly ajar. Without waiting for guidance, he hurried forward, pushed the door open and entered. To his surprise, this room was also innocent of the meanest piece of furniture.

The natural astonishment with which he discovered this was greatly heightened by seeing, an instant later, the supposed sick man Sharpe spring toward him.

Clif's comprehension of the treachery that had been practiced upon him was instantaneous. His surprise and indignation knew no bounds. But for all this he said not a word. Throwing the bundle of fruits that he carried squarely in the face of the approaching Sharpe, he retreated to a corner of the room prepared to defend himself against all odds. The quiet smile that indicated to his intimate friends when he was deeply roused, appeared at the corners of his mouth and foretold a determined fight.

The oranges and bananas contained in the package served for an instant to hold his assailant in check. As Sharpe recovered from the unexpected blow Kelley appeared in the room.

"At him, Kelley, we've got the cad in our power," cried Sharpe, rushing toward the corner where Clif stood ready to meet them. "Knock him out."

Kelley said nothing as he joined his fellow conspirator. Whether through fear of Clif's fists or for other reasons he did

not seem anxious to close in upon their victim.

But the sight of Kelley approaching had a different effect upon Clif.

"You contemptible betrayer," he exclaimed quietly enough, but with tense feeling. "You are a worse villain than I ever gave you credit for. I'll square accounts with you first."

Quick as a flash his sturdy right hand, clinched into a rugged fist, shot out, landing a blow between Kelley's eyes. The latter staggered for an instant, but almost as quickly recovered. It was then that the spirit of fight seemed to enter into him and with a muttered oath he sprang forward and attempted to clinch with his plucky opponent.

Clif had his hands full. Kelley, smarting under the knock he had received, leaped forward and made a savage blow at the plucky cadet. It was neatly parried, and returned with interest. Sharpe, meantime, was trying to get at him, but Kelley, staggering back, bumped against him.

Clif's fists landed upon Kelley with telling effect, but the latter closed in upon him one more. While the two exchanged rapid knocks Sharpe rushed forward, brandishing a weapon in his hand. Then for the first time Clif and Kelley noticed that the ex-cadet corporal had armed himself with a sandbag.

"Don't hit him with that, Sharpe," cried Kelley, excitedly, turning partly around. "You might kill him. We can overpower him with our fists."

Clif was just in the act of striking Kelley a particularly powerful blow as the latter turned his head. It went home with relentless force, and sent the ex-cadet to the floor. But at the same instant Sharpe had gotten near enough to bring his murderous weapon in play and the heavy sandbag came down upon Clif's head with a thud. Sharpe had accomplished his purpose, and Clif, stunned by the blow, keeled over, falling upon Kelley's prostrate form.

With an exultant cry Sharpe sprang upon him and quickly bound him with ropes which he had provided for the purpose. As Kelley rose from the floor, Clif recovering consciousness, found himself

bound and gagged at the mercy of his enemies.

"Now," Clif heard Sharpe say, "we've got the cad. It will soon be dark and we can put him in the hold of the Ajax. We can tie him there, and as the tide rises the water will gradually come higher and higher until——"

"No, by thunder, not that!" cried Kelley. "That would be murder, Sharpe. I am willing to put him there just to scare him and keep him from joining his crew, but nothing else. I agreed to go in with you on this and I've never gone back on a pal yet, but to tell you the truth, I'm rather sick of the dirty part I've played in this affair. If there is to be any further violence, you've got to lick me first."

"Come, now, Kelley," exclaimed Sharpe, in conciliatory tones, "I didn't mean that. I was just a little hot, that was all. We'll put him in the old wreck and keep him here 'till his yacht sails."

"All right," replied Kelley. "My schooner leaves here early to-morrow. You can ship with us as one of the crew and you can have that tongue-tied nephew of yours come here and release Faraday after we are safely away. And, by thunder, I'll be glad to be rid of the whole business."

The conspirators did not have long to wait for darkness to settle sufficiently for their purpose. In a little while after they carried Clif, bound and gagged as he was, to the old wreck upon the beach and placed him in the hold.

Sharpe was the first to leave the hold. As he reached the deck he thought he spied the form of a barefoot boy with a straw hat skulking about the beach.

With a muttered oath he recognized the inquisitive Sammy, and sprang from the wreck in pursuit.

But Sammy was quicker still. He had a vivid recollection of the force of his uncle's boot when propelled against his own tender anatomy, and scooted off toward Lewes as fast as his legs could carry him, with Sharpe in hot pursuit.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A FIERCE STRUGGLE.

"By Jake! that does beat the deck. The idea of Clif Faraday's losing himself

in a measly hole of a town like this! It's enough to make one think that he's dodging his friends on purpose. I think the most peaceful way of settling with him when I catch up with him is to tell him what I think of such treatment, or else knock his blamed head off."

The speaker was none other than Joy, and the person spoken to was himself. He had performed the errands required of him by Lieutenant Cole and was then given a short liberty while the lieutenant attended to some matters in the town. His first thought was to rejoin Clif and with this purpose in view he had walked through the main streets of the village looking into the small shops on the way.

While his ill humor at his failure was at its height, he bethought himself of the postoffice, and turned his steps in that direction.

He found behind the window a young man with hair smoothly plastered down upon his forehead, and an incipient mustache that seemed to require constant attention.

Whether the postal clerk resented being interrupted in the inspection of the downy adornment of his upper lip which was proceeding by the aid of a small handglass, or whether it was from the cussedness of his nature is immaterial. At any rate, he gave but scant attention to Joy's inquiries respecting the time of Clif's departure from the place and the direction in which he had gone.

"Look here, you infernal dude," cried Joy, sticking his head in at the window and looking for all the world as if he intended crawling through. "Just because you can see that I am a lover of peace and opposed to all unseemly contention you needn't think you can impose on my good nature. I'm going to have a civil answer to my question and I'm not going to scrap about it either. I believe in moral suasion for fellows like you, and my first little suasion is going to be to yank that blooming little mustache of yours out by the roots, by Jake!"

A threat of such dire import was more than the stamp-licker could stand and he quickly told Joy of Clif's conversation with the barefoot boy and of his afterward leaving the office accompanied by a roughly dressed common sailor.

"Why couldn't you say that in the first place?" exclaimed Joy, as he glared at the fellow and turned to go out. "That all goes to show, however, that peaceful methods are the best. I might have knocked you senseless, and then you couldn't have told me all this."

Joy concluded that Clif must have gone to the craft to which the sailor belonged, and upon inquiry found where several coasting schooners lay. He hurried to these and made inquiries for his friend, but no one had seen Clif either with the sailor or alone.

This all required time, and it was becoming dark before Joy thought of Lieutenant Cole or the boat that was to take them to the yacht.

"I don't care," he muttered, when he discovered that the boat had returned to the yacht without him. "There's something mysterious about this business and I intend finding Clif whatever the consequences may be. I wonder who that sailor can be. It's not possible that Clif has an enemy in this out-of-the-way place, but it looks as if some villainy was on foot."

Not knowing what other course to pursue, he started up to the main street to continue his inquiries. He had not gone far when he encountered a ragged little urchin who was running breathlessly toward the wharf. It was Sammy Sipple.

"Thay, you're one of the thailors from the navy boat, ain't you?" exclaimed the lad, stopping at the sight of Joy's uniform. "And you're looking for one of your fellerth, ain't you?"

"Yes," exclaimed Joy, excitedly, seizing the youngster by the arm. "Where is he?"

"I wath afraid the boat wath gone," replied the lad. "I run ath fath ath I could and ——"

"Stop your blab and tell me where he is," cried Joy, shaking the lad roughly in his anxiety to learn. "Come, now, don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. Speak up, can't you? I'm a lover of peace, and——"

"You needn't thake me to pietheth if you do like peath," whimpered the lad, squirming to get out of the clutches of the excited advocate of pacific measures.

"Hold on, youngster," exclaimed Joy.

"I didn't mean anything. Where is my friend?"

"I wath juth going to thay that I thaw Uncle Tharpe——"

"Sharpe? The one that used to be in the Academy?"

"Yeth, he'th here now. I thaw him and a thailor feller carrying that thailor friend of yourth—the one that gave me a quarter in the pothoffith—they wath carrying him all tied up to the old wreck on the beach and put him in where the skeletonth ith floating around and where the ——"

"Come on, quick, show me the place," cried Joy, "and I'll give you a half-dozen quarters."

"I don't want any more money," replied the lad. "I juth want to thave that nithe looking feller that gave me the quarter. But don't you tell Uncle Tharpe that I told you or he'll beat me scandal-outh."

The promise was given, and the pair were soon hurrying toward the old wreck, and in a very short time had reached the spot.

"There it ith," cried Sammy, and Joy wading through the water, clambered up on the deck.

As he did so he was confronted by a sturdy figure in sailor's garb. It was Kelley.

It was not so very long since Clif had been placed within the hold. Sammy had sped away rapidly to elude his uncle, and had then gone straight through the town to the wharf.

Kelley had lingered upon the old wreck after Sharpe had gone in pursuit of his nephew. To do him justice, he had repented of his share in the work of that night. It was only as has been shown, a foolish sense of loyalty to his pal, Sharpe, that had restrained him from abandoning the whole matter after he had led Clif into the trap. But even then it was too late to draw back.

How much more impossible it was to give play to the more honorable feelings that began to be aroused within him became evident as he considered the situation after Sharpe had left him. His first impulse was to tell Clif of the revulsion of feeling that had come upon him, to release him from his bonds and to throw

himself upon his generosity. But the especially heinous nature of the treachery he had practiced upon the generous spirited lad rose up before him. What if Clif should refuse, as well he might, to condone this last cowardly crime? The stern laws of the land prescribed prison bars for such offenses.

"No," he muttered, as he started to go on deck. "The safety of Sharpe and myself demands that he be kept here until we are upon the ocean. If he is discovered before that we are doomed."

He had barely reached this conclusion when he heard Joy clambering upon the deck. He hurried forward to meet him, not knowing what to expect, but determined to preserve the secret of Clif's whereabouts at all hazards.

"What do you want?" he exclaimed, hoarsely, placing a restraining hand upon Joy.

"Kelley!" cried Joy, recognizing the other's voice and being close enough to distinguish his features. "So you're the cowardly traitor that has done this work! Where is Clif Faraday?"

"That is none of your business," replied Kelley, sharply.

"I'll make it my business," cried Joy. "Tell me what you've done with him, or by Jake, I'll punch the head off you."

Joy entirely forgot his peace-loving disposition and made a hostile demonstration against the ex-cadet. Kelley, mindful of the results to himself from a discovery at that time of what he had done, was determined to keep Joy from finding it out.

"Go on about your business," he exclaimed. "Clif Faraday will turn up at the proper time."

Joy was not in the mood for parleying at that time. When he found that Kelley was not disposed to yield him any information he sprang upon him with an exclamation of rage.

Then upon the slanting deck of the stranded vessel, and in the growing darkness of fast deepening night, ensued a strange scene.

"I'll have that information out of you, you villain, or die in the attempt," cried Joy, as he grappled with his antagonist.

With a loud thud the pair fell upon the deck. They were both upon their feet an

instant later, and Joy rushed impetuously at his foe.

Kelley was his superior in physical strength, but the enraged cadet fought with reckless bravery. Rapid blows were exchanged and first one and then the other seemed to have the best of it.

At last Joy was thrown upon the slippery deck, but before his opponent could follow up the advantage he was again upon his feet, and had clinched with the other.

Then, slipping and sliding upon the wet deck, the two began a fierce struggle for the mastery.

Down they went, and over and over they rolled toward the stern. The tide beat wave after wave against the rotten planks and sent occasional dashes of spray upon the deck. The two combatants, heedless of the course they were tending, fought on.

They rose to their feet and the sounds of their blows could be heard occasionally above the beat of the waves. At last, as they had reached the stern, Joy suddenly sprang upon Kelley with such force that the latter was thrown heavily to the deck. His head struck upon the railing and he was for the instant stunned.

He partially raised himself and was staggering to his feet, when Joy sprang upon him with all his force, at the same time administering a sharp blow between the eyes.

Kelley toppled over, and to the dismay of Joy, fell with a splash into the angry water. As he went over his head struck against the rudder, and he was unconscious from the blow.

Joy had with difficulty saved himself from the same fate, and as his opponent disappeared over the stern he uttered a wild cry of alarm.

"Great Heavens, Joy, what have you done?" at the same instant came in a loud voice behind him.

Joy turned and saw Clif Faraday dashing across the deck toward him.

## CHAPTER V.

### CLIF SQUARES THE SCORE.

When Joy first clambered upon the deck of the stranded old hull Sammy Siple was not far behind. Unobserved by the two combatants he had followed after

and without a word had disappeared within the hold.

It was really a brave act for the little fellow, for his superstitious fears of "floating skeletons" and prowling ghosts was full upon him, and it was only his suddenly conceived liking for Clif Faraday that nerved him to it.

He was bright enough to see that Joy would have his hands full in coping with the burly sailor. He quickly conceived the idea of braving the ghostly dangers pictured to his imagination, for the purpose of releasing Clif and giving him the opportunity of going to Joy's assistance.

"Golly!" he exclaimed as he entered the dark hold, which to his fancy was peopled with ghosts, goblins and other uncanny objects. "Whath that—skeletonth? Wow! I with I wath home!"

He paused for an instant as if about to retreat, but bravely overcame his feelings of panic as the sounds of the struggle upon deck came to his ears.

"I muth find him even if the ghoth doth gobble me up," he muttered bravely enough, in spite of his chattering teeth.

"Hello, Mither thailor, where are you?" he called in a loud voice, but there was no answer. Clif heard the voice and recognized it, but was securely gagged. He attempted to move and attract attention in that way, but was powerless.

Sammy repeated his cries, but to no purpose. There was no hope for it, he plainly saw; he must grope his way around and endeavor to discover Clif's whereabouts in that way.

He set bravely at work, the sounds of the contest overhead urging him on. After a time he touched Clif's prostrate form and, finding the gag, removed it. Contact with a human being dispelled his fears, and he quickly loosened the ropes from Clif's limbs.

In a few words he told of the struggle on deck. Without an instant's delay Clif hurried away and reached the deck just in time to see the limp form of the sailor topple over into the waves.

Joy, turning around quickly at the sound of Clif's voice, saw that the latter was intent upon following after.

"Good Heavens, Clif!" cried Joy, as the latter rushed toward the stern, "it's that traitor, Kelley. Surely you won't

risk your life for him after all he has done to you!"

"It is a human being," cried Clif. "That's enough."

An instant later he had plunged into the sea and was swimming rapidly toward the spot where Kelley was feebly battling with the waves.

Joy, and Sammy Sipple who had joined him, breathlessly watched the struggling forms. With a few strong strokes Clif reached his enemy's side. Kelley, though recovered from the blow that had for the moment robbed him of consciousness, was too dazed to do more than barely keep himself afloat.

When Clif grasped him the real battle with the waves was begun. The tide was running strong from shore, and, hampered as he was, Clif's efforts to reach the beach seemed hopeless.

"The tide's carrying them out," cried Sammy in alarm. "They'll both be drowned!"

The only answer to his words was a figure leaping over the stern and an instant later a splash in the waves. Joy, brought suddenly to himself, had gone to the assistance of his imperilled friend.

His help was needed. Clif was struggling bravely against the current, which every moment seemed to threaten to carry him further and further away from the shore. He was determined, however, not to abandon Kelley as long as there was the slightest hope of rescuing him. Joy's opportune arrival made this easier, although the two were compelled to exert themselves to the utmost to reach a place of safety with their charge.

At last they all gained the shore, but in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Sammy Sipple, all excitement, was there to receive them.

"Hurrah for the brave thailor boyth!" he cried as victory was assured, but they were all too wearied to pay any attention to the enthusiastic lad. The first of the watersoaked trio to speak was Kelley.

"Clif Faraday," he exclaimed, with deep feeling, "I do not deserve this treatment from you whom I have so often endeavored to injure. No one else would have risked his life to save mine, as you have just done. I know you did it before in the physical laboratory affair,

but since then I have plotted against you in ways that make me shudder to think of it now. Clif Faraday, you're a brick!"

Clif endeavored to check the penitent youth's self-reproach, but the latter would not listen.

"I am not through," he continued hastily. "I tell you solemnly that this has been a lesson to me which I shall never forget, and which I hope will make a better man of me. I have been too near death to say this with a lie upon my lips. Neither am I trying to beg off from the punishment which I deserve. All I ask is that you let up on that poor devil Sharpe. I was more to blame in this matter than he was."

Clif could not but feel that Kelley's repentance for his misdeeds was sincere, and he was deeply touched at the latter's manifest humiliation. He could well believe that the perilous scene through which they had just passed had worked the latter's reformation and he rejoiced in it for the other's good.

"Come, Kelley," he exclaimed, warmly grasping the other's hand. "Let bygones be bygones. We will forget all that has taken place to-night except your good resolutions. You've got the makings of a good man in you, and I am glad that you have determined to improve them. And now," he added, "Joy and I must find some way to reach the Fleetwing before she sails."

"God bless you, Faraday," cried Kelley, with deep feeling. "I shall never forget what you have done for me to-night, although in your own generous way you seek to make light of it. The time may come when I can prove it by my acts."

There was an evident sincerity about his words and manner that carried conviction to his hearers and which fully repaid Clif for the perils of the day's adventure.

Kelley then volunteered to procure a boat and row the cadets to the yacht. This offer was accepted, and the party started toward the village to carry out the plan.

"Thay," exclaimed Sammy Sipple to Clif, as they walked along the beach. "Thay, Mithter Faraday, you're a jim-dandy from wayback, that'th what you

are, an' no fooling! I with I wath a cadet like you."

"Well, Sammy, you're a brave little fellow," replied Clif, patting him on the head. "Some day I expect to see you at the Naval Academy and a credit you'll be to Uncle Sam, I am sure."

"Will I have nithe uniformth like you've got?"

"Yes."

"Golly, won't that be gloriouth! Thay," he added, suddenly changing the subject. "Thay, did you thee any floating skeletonth down in that hold?"

"No."

"Any ghoth?" he continued in a disappointed tone.

"Nary ghoth."

"Then thomebody hath been foolin' me an' I wath scared all for nothing," commented Sammy.

By this time the party had reached the wharf, and Kelley had secured a boat which he held in readiness for the cadets to embark.

"Good-by, Sammy," exclaimed Clif, as he slipped a coin into the lad's hand and followed Joy into the boat. "When you get down to the Academy hunt me up."

"Good-by," called out the lad as the boat started from the wharf. "You're a jim-hickey an' no mithtake, Mithter Faraday. But if Uncle Tharp finds out what I done, I bet he'll juth beat me scandalouth."

Clif laughed heartily at the pleasing

prospect the youngster had pictured and then turned his attention to the oars. They were soon out of sight of the lad and in due time reached the side of the Fleetwing.

Kelley with a few heartfelt words of thanks, shook hands with Clif and Joy as they boarded the yacht and then quickly rowed away.

Clif, of course, reported his adventure to Lieutenant Cole, but considered it advisable to withhold the names of his assailants. The next morning the Fleetwing raised anchor and sailed out beyond the breakwater on her course.

Clif and Joy in passing caught sight of the old wreck of the Ajax and compared notes on the thrilling adventure of the previous night.

"It was worth all that it cost," exclaimed Clif, "if it has led to Kelley's reformation. And I am firmly convinced that he was sincere."

"Yes, I believe he was," assented Joy, "but I must confess if I had been in your place I would have tried peaceful methods first."

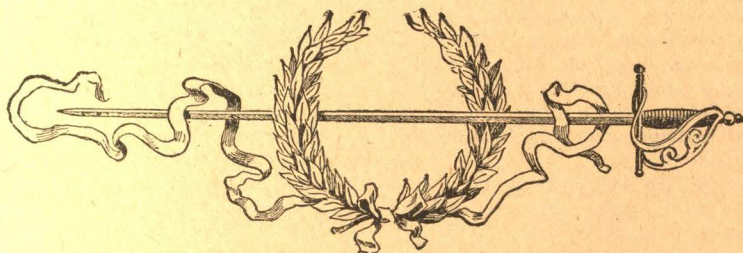
"Such as——"

"Such as knocking his blamed head off, for instance."

Clif smiled and Joy looked more mournful than ever.

[THE END.]

The next Naval Academy novelette by Ensign Clarke Fitch will be entitled "A Strange Cruise; or, Clif Faraday's Last Resort." Army and Navy No. 33.



# THE PHANTOM DHOW.

BY P. H. HEMYNG.

I had served for eighteen months as midshipman on board the *Badger*, on the east coast of Africa, before I got a chance of going boat cruising, which, of course, is the height of the ambition of every youngster who is worth his salt, and then at length my opportunity occurred.

Lieutenant Mordaunt was going away for a fortnight in charge of the launch in search of slave dhows, and a youngster named Hardy was going with him, but at the last moment Hardy had to go sick with fever.

They were stowing the launch at the time with provisions, water, and other necessary stores, when Mordaunt heard that Hardy would be unable to accompany him and sent for me.

"Would you like to come?" inquired the lieutenant—"you'll have to rough it, you know."

"Oh, yes, sir," I replied delightedly, "I'm not afraid of roughing it."

"Then just look after these fellows while they stow this gear away, and I'll go below and get my things together."

Among the crew who were employed in getting the boat ready I noticed a man named Simcox, who, I happened to know from past experience, was a lazy, drunken, untrustworthy, worthless fellow; so crossing over to where Barton, the coxswain, was putting a whipping on to the end of the main sheet, I inquired whether he made one of the boat's crew.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "I've spoke to Muster Mordaunt about he, but the lieutenant seems wrapped up in him altogether."

I lost no time, but made my way down to the lieutenant's cabin, and telling him what I knew about the man, added:

"I hope you won't allow him to come with us, sir."

Mordaunt heard me out and then calmly answered:

"The man Simcox has been misunderstood by everybody on board except myself, and once a fellow gets a bad name on board ship, it's like a dog—he may as well be hanged. You're all down on him, and the poor wretch hasn't had half a chance. However, I'm going to give him an opportunity of showing what he is made of, and in future, young gentleman, if you'll kindly attend to your own duty and not interfere with mine, I shall feel obliged, and now, perhaps, you will return on deck and do as I told you."

I did return on deck, feeling very much like a dog who carries his tail between his legs, and as I returned to the boat I heard Simcox say to his neighbor:

"—and we'll have a first-class old spree, mate! I can get to windward of the lieutenant, and as for the middy—phew!"

And he snapped his fingers.

In due course the yard and stay tackles were rigged, the launch hoisted out, loaded with all the

necessary impedimenta, not forgetting a twelve-pound Armstrong gun and ammunition chest, and then, with three cheers from our messmates, we shoved off and started on our cruise.

For three days all went fairly well, although it occurred to me that Mr. Mordaunt was a little too free with rum either for the maintenance of good discipline or the production of good work.

Toward evening on the fourth day, as I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes—for I had been enjoying a siesta during the heat of the afternoon—I beheld the welcome sight of a large dhow, standing off from the land.

All hands were quickly aroused, and the launch's course was somewhat altered so as to head us for the stranger, but I could not help noticing a strange sort of apathy in the lieutenant's manner, which contrasted strongly with the excitement of every one else on board.

Supper was hurried over, and the men began to get their cutlasses and revolvers ready, when those on board the dhow suddenly woke up, and evidently not wishing to make a nearer acquaintance with us, they wore and stood in for the land again.

This of course made our suspicions into certainties, for unless she were a slaver, she would have no occasion to run away, and I was fairly trembling with excitement as I drew Mordaunt's attention to the fact.

The lieutenant had been lying down in the stern sheets since supper, but when I spoke to him he sat up, and gazing at the retreating dhow in a puzzled, half-dazed manner, as though the craft were about twenty miles away, he said:

"Ah, yes, yes, no doubt she's a slaver—yes, yes—but I hope she's not the same one I met with when I was on this station six years ago in the *Ariel*. She's very like her, too, just the same size, and the same cut of sails. They used to call her the Phantom Dhow. Did you ever hear of her? But, no, of course you wouldn't. It was a horrible affair! Horrible! Horrible!"

And here Mordaunt shivered as though at the recollection.

"Perhaps you would like to hear about it," he continued. "It's a strange yarn, but it will pass away the time until we can overhaul yonder craft—if we ever do, for I have my doubts about her. However, to begin."

Meanwhile, as our best sailing trim was a little down by the stern, the men had all shifted a bit aft, and uow scenting a yarn, they crowded as close to the sternsheets as discipline would permit, and waited in silence for the commencement of the lieutenant's anecdote.

"Let me see—what was I saying?" began Mordaunt, putting his hand up to his head. "Oh, yes, I remember—about the dhow, the phantom, blood-stained dhow. Well, as I told you, I was serving on board the *Ariel* at the time, and I was sent away boat cruising, but as I was only a sub-lieutenant, I

was not in charge of the boat. We had left the ship over a week and had not caught sight of a sail, when one evening we noticed a big dhow stealing out from under a point of land, and of course we up helm and steered for her.

"As we drew nearer, I could not help noticing that there seemed a strange tint or color about both the dhow and her sails, a sort of carmine hue, and I was just going to draw the lieutenant's attention to it, when old King Tom—a Krooman, who had served nearly all his life on the East Coast—shouted out:

"'Oh, massa, massa lieutenant! No go any nearer dat dhow! Dat am de Phantom Dhow, sar—safe for sure, sar—and if we ebber touch her, sar, Obi get us all and we am done for sure!'

"'What do you mean, you silly fellow?' said the lieutenant (Fellows, his name was—as brave a man as ever broke biscuit). 'Are you drunk or mad?'

"'Oh, no, sar; me no drunk, and me no mad,' answered King Tom. 'But lookee now, you no see dat de dhow and all her sail am dip in blood?'

"'Well, it does look like it,' replied Fellows; 'but probably that is caused by the setting sun.'

"'Oh, no, sar; I tell you how dat was,' said the Krooman. 'Long time ago—me no know how long—dat dhow was runnin' a fine cargo ob slaves, when she was chased by man-o'-war boat, just same us, and den de skipper, he swear by all de Obi dat he knoo dat he would nebber be taken alibe by de man-o'-war boat, and den de debbil he come and he say, "'Spose you gib me your soul and your crew's souls, and de souls ob all your cargo ob slaves, me promise you dat you nebber be caught.'" And de Arab skipper, he say yes, and make de bargain, and den de debbil, he go to de helm and puttee hard down, and den de dhow um fly up in de air and jump down on de man-o'-war's boat, and dump um all to de bottom ob de sea, and—'

Here Mordaunt broke off and looked horror stricken for a moment, when he cried out:

"'Look! look! See, she's jumping now! Horror! She is the Phantom Dhow, and we are doomed! doomed! doomed!'

The last words rang out with a shrill shriek that was inexpressibly mournful. At the same moment the sun disappeared beneath the horizon, and as there is no twilight to speak of in those latitudes it suddenly became almost dark.

A minute's silence followed, for even in these enlightened days seamen are all more or less superstitious, while thirty years ago it would have been hard to find a bluejacket who did not believe in the supernatural.

"See how she jumps!" shrieked out Mordaunt. "And look at the blood! She will fall upon us next! But I will not wait for it. Good-by, messmates!'

And maddened with fever, the unhappy man was about to jump overboard when I pulled him back, and, assisted by Barton, the coxswain, deposited him in the stern sheets.

He was still rambling, though now his conversation was disjoined, being merely the ravings of

delirium, when all at once I heard a voice, which I recognized as belonging to Simcox, exclaim:

"'Look here, mates, I don't want to be dumped by no blooming dhow, so I votes we goes about and leaves her alone. What do you say?'

There was a muttered reply from the other men, which seemed to be mostly in the affirmative, and I saw that if I did not at once take my position as commander of the boat it would soon be too late.

"Hold him down, Barton!" I exclaimed, as I let go of the fever-stricken lieutenant. "Take care he doesn't give you the slip," and then I sprang to my feet.

"Now then, who is that talking of going about?" I cried out. "Remember, I am now the officer in charge of this boat."

"Oh, no, you ain't," answered Simcox, stepping aft; "you're only a paltry middy! Muster Mordaunt's our orficer, and as he don't seem inclined to say nothing, why, I'm goin' to take charge for a spell."

Another half minute and he would have done so, but without pausing to speak—indeed, there was no time—I laid hold of the spare tiller, which happened to be lying handy, and brought it down on the fellow's head with all my force.

He dropped like a stricken bullock to the bottom of the boat, stunned, and then I said:

"Does any other mutineer want a dose of this? Because, if so, let him step aft and he can have it."

There was no reply, however, and by this time Mordaunt had quieted down, so that the coxswain could leave him in charge of the man who had been steering.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Barton, as he resumed his seat on the quarter. "Why, where's the dhow?'

Every eye in the boat except those belonging to the two men who were hors de combat, was now eagerly searching for the chase, but she had disappeared.

"I thought there was somethin' uncanny about her," said the stroke, a Scotsman. "It's no gude chasing craft of that sort."

There was a murmur of acquiescence from the remainder of the crew, and goodness only knows how the affair would have turned out had I not happened to look round.

"Why, you silly fellow, there she is," I exclaimed. "While we were struggling and fighting she down'd sail, and we passed her in the dusk. Stand by to wear. Put the helm up."

To cut a long story short, in less than half an hour we were alongside the so-called phantom dhow, and, though a slight resistance was made, our blue-jackets—directly they found that they had corporeal beings to deal with, and not spectres—soon gave a good account of the Arabs, and we found that our prize contained no fewer than one hundred and eighty slaves.

We had no further difficulty with Mordaunt, and when we were once more on board the Badger, and he was convalescent, I inquired of him respecting the subject of his yarn, but, much to my surprise, he assured me that he had never in his life either read or heard of the Phantom Dhow.

# The Cryptogram

A STORY OF  
NORTH-WEST CANADA

BY

WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

*Author of "A Legacy of Peril," "In Forbidden Nepal," etc.*

("THE CRYPTOGRAM" was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A RESOLVE THAT FAILED.

**T**WO things were clear to my mind—first, that Flora was lost to me, and that honor forbade me to speak one word of love to her again; second, that I could not remain permanently under the same roof with her, whether she was married or single. The latter was a delicate and difficult affair, and I had some misgivings as to how it could be arranged; but, fortunately, chance came to my aid, as I shall show.

The factor's house was shared by several other non-commissioned officers of the company, one of whom was married. The single spare room was assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Gummidge. I saw my opportunity, and eagerly volunteered to give my own apartment to Flora, whose proper place was with the women. The matter was easily arranged, and within two hours of our arrival at the fort I was installed in a little room in the men's quarters.

I was sitting there after supper, gloomily smoking my pipe, when I received a visit from Griffith Hawke. The sight of his rugged, kindly face gave me a keen twinge of conscience. He had been like a father to me in the past, and I hated to think how nearly I had done him a foul injury.

"All going well?" I asked.

"Within the fort, yes," he replied, gravely, as he sat down. "Miss Hatherton is quite recovered, and has an appetite. She seems to be a brave and spirited girl."

"She is," I assented. "You knew they were sending her, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lord Selkirk forwarded me a little water-color sketch of her months ago. I am afraid there is a considerable disparity in our ages, but that can be overcome. I shall make her a good husband, and a steady one—eh, Denzil?"

With a forced smile, I pretended to appreciate the jest.

"How is Moralle?" I asked, abruptly.

"He is a very sick man," said the factor; "but it is not a hopeless case. With care, he may recover. But I came to have a serious talk with you, my boy. First of all, tell me everything that happened from the time you met Miss Hatherton in Quebec until I ran across you up the river this

morning. I have heard only fragments of the narrative."

I did as he requested, and he hung on my words with close attention and with a deepening look of anxiety in his eyes. When I had finished, he asked me numerous questions, and then pondered silently for a few moments.

Finally he leaned forward and began to fill his pipe. By this time my mind had strayed from the subject, and on a sudden impulse I plunged into the thing that I was so anxious to have done and over with.

I grew confused from the start—a lie was so foreign to my nature—and I fear I made rather a mess of it. What words I used I cannot recall, but I incoherently told the factor that I wished to leave the fort at once and go down country, pleading as an excuse that I was tired of the lonely life of the wilderness and had taken a fancy to carve a future for myself among the towns.

By the expression of his face I was certain that he suspected the truth, and I could have bitten my tongue off with chagrin and shame. He looked at me hard, and my eyes fell before his.

"You would leave the service of the company?" he asked. "And with your fine chances!"

"I might be transferred—Fort Garry would suit me nicely," I blundered, quite forgetting what I had said previously.

"This is not the time to make such a demand," Griffith Hawke replied, not unkindly. "I want you here. There will be trouble in the North before many days."

"I am very anxious to go," I persisted, doggedly.

"I can't spare you," he said, sharply. "Let that end the discussion for the present. In the spring, if you are of the same mind——"

"I will wait until then," I broke in.

I saw that all was against me, and that there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

"I can hardly believe," continued the factor, "that Cuthbert Mackenzie would have undertaken so desperate an affair, or that the Indians would have taken service under him, unless both he and they knew that they had the Northwest Company back of them. I am of the opinion that the red skins have been bought over—that hostilities are about to begin. What do you think?"

"I am inclined to agree with you," I replied.

"My duty is plain," said Griffith Hawke. "I

have already despatched a full report of the matter by messenger to Fort York. To-morrow I shall send a dozen men out to scour the country to the east, west and south. They are not likely to find Mackenzie—he is doubtless safe in one of the Northwest Company's posts by this time—but they may run across some of Grey Moose's braves, and ascertain from them what is brewing."

"I hope they may," said I.

"There is a chance of it," replied the factor. "Will you take charge of the expedition, Denzil?"

I had been waiting craftily for this offer, which meant a prolonged absence from the fort. Nothing could have suited me better—short of transference to another post—and I accepted without hesitation. We talked the matter over together until it was time to turn in for the night.

I was off two hours after sunrise the next day, in command of twelve of our best men. I did not see Flora before I started, nor did I wish to. And I fervently hoped, as we plunged into the forest and lost sight of the fort, that the priest would have arrived and the marriage be over before I returned.

I do not intend to write at length of the expedition, and indeed but little could be said of it. We scoured the wilderness in three directions, but we found no trace of Cuthbert MacKenzie or of his hired band of savages. They had melted away mysteriously, and the empty fastnesses of the Great Lone Land told us nothing of what we sought to learn. The Indians of those parts we met in abundance, but they were peacefully engaged in trapping, and denied that any overtures had been made to them by the Northwest Company.

We were gone a fortnight, and covered some hundreds of miles. Meanwhile the winter had set in, and we returned on snowshoes. The weather was bitterly cold, the streams and lakes were frozen, and the snow lay two feet deep. Away from the fort I had been in better spirits. When I entered the stockade again and realized that I was near Flora, my heart began to ache as before.

I was soon informed of what had taken place during my absence. Gummidge and his wife had departed for Fort Garry a week previously. Moralle was out of danger, and was mending slowly. The messenger was back from Fort York, bringing news that Captain Rudstone had not yet returned there—as was his intention before coming south—and that matters were quiet. Moreover, the priest had not yet arrived at Fort Royal, and there had been no marriage. Flora was still single, and likely to remain so for a time.

A week slipped by rapidly. The winter raged in all its severity, and there was a steady influx of Indians laden with furs and pelts. I had much to do, and was kept busy. I did not return to the factor's house, as I might have done, but stuck to my new quarters. I saw Flora occasionally, but at a distance. By mutual consent, we seemed to avoid each other.

Then a memorable day dawned—a day fraught with a series of events that stamped themselves indelibly on my memory.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### A STRANGE WARNING.

I had been up late the night before, going over some tedious accounts with the clerks, and it was

by no means an early hour when I opened my eyes and tumbled out of bed. It was a clear morning, but bitterly cold. I hurriedly drew on my thick clothing, and was about to leave the room, when I caught sight of an object sticking under the bottom crevice of the door which opened on the fort yard.

I picked it up, and looked at it with interest and curiosity, not unmixed with a vague alarm. What I held in my hand was a flat strip of birch bark about six inches square, containing some rudely-painted scrawls, which I at first took to be hieroglyphics, but which quickly resolved themselves into the uncouth figures of two men. The one was clearly a white man, wearing on his head what was evidently intended to represent the odd-shaped cap of the Northwest Company. The other was an Indian in leggings, blanket and feathers.

Here was a puzzle, indeed, and I could make nothing out of it. I was satisfied, however, that it was meant to warn me—to indicate some danger that threatened myself or the fort.

"It is a mysterious affair altogether," I reflected. "I can't fathom it. Grey Moose may be the sender, but how did he get the bark under my door? Ah, perhaps he conveyed it by some of the Indians who came to trade; they must have been admitted to the enclosure an hour ago."

But this explanation was not plausible enough. After some further thought, I concluded that the warning came from some of the Indian employes within the fort, who had learned from their own people of some threatening danger, and had chosen this means of communicating it. Then, looking more closely at the bark, I discovered in the background a few rude lines that had escaped my notice before. They were unmistakably intended for the barred window of the trading room, and of a sudden the solution to the problem flashed upon me.

"I was right in the first place," I muttered. "This is the handiwork of Gray Moose, after all. And now, to make sure, I'll set about it quietly, and won't say anything to the factor until my suspicions are confirmed."

I hastened from my quarters, forgetting that I had not yet breakfasted. I was so intent on my task that I did not even glance toward the upper windows of the factor's house, where I usually caught a glimpse of Flora's pretty face at this hour. The birch bark I had tucked out of sight in my pocket.

The gates of the stockade were wide open, and within the enclosure a number of Indians—a dozen or more—were standing in groups around sledges packed with furs waiting their turn to be served. They had left their muskets outside, as was the rule when they came to trade. I glanced keenly at them from a distance, and passed on to the trading house, entering by the private door in the rear.

Here, looking from the storeroom into the common room beyond, the scene was a noisy and brilliant one. Half a score of gayly-attired savages were talking in guttural tones gesticulating, and pointing, demanding this and that.

Griffith Hawke greeted me with a nod. He and two assistants were busily engaged at the barred window of the partition, receiving and counting

bales of skins, passing out little wooden castors, and taking them in again in exchange for powder and shot, tobacco and beads, and various other commodities.

For a few moments I watched the scene sharply, though with an assumed air of indifference. I was satisfied that no Sioux were present. They were all wood-Indians—as distinguished from the fiercer tribe of the plains—but they were in stronger numbers than was customary at this time of the year.

What I was seeking I did not find here. I scanned each face in turn, but all present in the outer room were unmistakably redskins.

"You are doing a lively business this morning," I remarked to the factor.

"Yes; I am having quite a run," he replied. "I can't exactly account for it." In a lower tone he added: "Every man of them is purchasing powder and shot, Denzil."

This seemed a partial confirmation of my suspicions.

"It's queer, to say the least," I answered. "I wouldn't sell them much. Tell them you're running short."

"They won't believe that," said Griffith Hawke. "Stay and lend me a hand, Denzil, if you've nothing else to do."

"I'll come back in a moment," I replied. "I've got a little matter to attend to. I may want you to help me. If I shout for you, close the grating and run out."

Griffith Hawke's eyes dilated, and in a tone of astonishment he demanded to know what I meant. But I did not wait to answer him. I slipped unheeding out of the trading house, turned the corner and almost ran into a big savage who was coming from the rear of the enclosure—a place in which he had no business to be.

He was apparently an Assinibon brave, decked out in caribou robe and blanket, fringed leggings, and beaded moccasins. But his cheek bones were not prominent enough for an Indian, and when he saw me a ruddy color flashed through the sickly copper of his skin and a menacing look shone in his eyes.

And I, at the first glimpse, knew that the fellow was no more of a redskin than myself. I had rightly interpreted the bit of birch bark, which meant that a white man—a spy of the Northwest Company—would be found within the fort disguised as an Indian. I was convinced that the object of my search stood before me, and I even had a lurking suspicion that the rogue was none other than Cuthbert Mackenzie, though he was too cleverly disguised for me to feel certain of that fact.

All this passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to tell. I was on the alert, and let slip no sign that might betray my quest. And no sooner had our eyes met than the Indian's agitation vanished, and he looked at me with a proud and stolid expression.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, roughly. "This is not the way to the trading house. You have no business in this part of the fort."

The brave's only reply was a guttural "Ugh!" Folding his blanket closer about him, he began to stride off. This did not suit my purpose.

"Stop!" I cried. "I want to know what you were doing here."

"Indian mean no harm," he replied. "Heap nice fort—white man build many houses."

The moment he spoke the last ray of doubt fled from my mind, for to my trained ear the fellow's voice and accent were but feeble imitations of what they ought to be, and I fancied I could detect a little trick of mannerism I had observed in Cuthbert Mackenzie. It was time for me to show the iron hand, and I did not hesitate a second.

"You may be telling the truth," I said, "but you must give an account of yourself to the factor. Don't make any disturbance. Come along with me quietly, or——"

I finished the sentence by displaying a pistol which I had dexterously slipped from my belt.

I had expected some resistance, and was prepared for it. The Indian's eyes gleamed with anger, and from under his blanket he whipped out a knife. As quickly, I struck the weapon from his hand and grappled with him. He gave a shrill cry, and I followed it with a loud shout for help.

What happened next, though it proved to my discomfiture, was as neat and swift a thing as I have ever seen done. From the front of the trading house and from the inside of the buildings the Indians came dashing in a body. They made no use of any weapons, but by sheer muscular force they wrested my captive from me and beat me cruelly on the head.

The thing was over before a man could come to my assistance, though plenty were within sight and hearing. Rising dizzily to my feet—I had been knocked down and trampled upon—I saw the daring band of savages swarming toward the open gates, taking with them the disguised spy, their sledges of furs, and the powder and shot they had just purchased.

"Help—help!" I shouted, running in pursuit. "Stop them! Don't let them get away!" With shrill cries, the redskins pushed on, and the single sentry at the gates deserted his post and fled. I heard an outcry behind me, and turning I saw that the factor and half a dozen others had come up. Griffith Hawke was the only armed man among them.

"What is the trouble?" he demanded.

"A spy!" I shouted, incoherently. "A Northwest man in the fort, disguised as an Indian! I am certain it was Mackenzie! They tore him from me—don't let them get him away!"

"Stop, you rascals!" the factor yelled, loudly. "We must have that man!"

No attention was paid to the command, and lifting his musket, he pointed it at the squirming mass of savages in the gateway. There was a sudden flash, a stunning report, and one of the rearmost Indians dropped.

"My God! what have I done?" cried Griffith Hawke, his face turning pale. "It was an accident—my finger slipped. Don't fire, men!"

The dead or wounded Indian had already been picked up by his comrades, and only a crimson stain was left on the snow to mark where he had fallen. The next instant the whole band were outside the stockade yelling like fiends, and with a crash some of our men flung the big gates to and

barred them. A couple ran to the loopholes and peered out.

"The varmints are in retreat," cried one—"making for the woods on the north."

"And it's a dead body they're carrying with them, sure enough," shouted the other.

By this time the fort was in a tumult, and a crowd surrounded the factor and myself, clamoring to know the cause of the disturbance. So soon as Griffith Hawke could quiet them a little, I told all that I knew, and produced the strip of birch bark. It was passed about from hand to hand.

"You read the message right—I know something of Indian character writing," said the factor. "Doubtless Gray Moose sent it. A Northwest Company's man in the fort as a spy! It is a thousand pities he got away! But are you certain, Denzil, that he was a white man?"

"I am sure of it," I replied, "and the fact that the Indians rescued him so promptly—"

"Yes; that proves the existence of some sort of a conspiracy," the factor interrupted. "But do you know that the spy was Cuthbert Mackenzie?"

"I could not swear to it," I admitted, "but I am pretty well satisfied in my own mind."

Some of the men were for sallying out to pursue and capture the Indians, but Griffith Hawke prudently refused to permit this.

"Let well enough alone," he said. "A large force of savages may be lurking in the forest, and there will be trouble soon enough as it is. I regret the unfortunate accident by which I shot one of the Indians, for it will inflame them all the more against us. It is certain, I fear, that they have been won over by the Northwest people, and that they meditated an early attack on the fort. Thank God that we got wind of it in time! Come what may, we can hold out against attack and siege!

And at the earliest opportunity we must send word to the South and to Fort York."

There were sober faces and anxious hearts behind the stockade that day, for there could be no longer any doubt that the long-threatened storm—the struggle for supremacy between the rival fur companies—was about to break. Nay, for aught any of us knew, open strife might already be waging in the south, or up on the shores of Hudson Bay; a lonely and isolated post was ours on the Churchill river.

We held a consultation, and decided to omit no precautionary measures. Our store of weapons was overhauled, the howitzers were loaded, the gates and the stockade were strengthened, and men were posted on watch.

The day wore on quietly, and no sign of Indians was reported. I saw nothing of Flora, but I thought of her constantly, and feared she must be in much distress of mind. I confess, to my shame, that it caused me some elation to reflect that the marriage was now likely to be indefinitely postponed, but there I erred, as I was soon to learn.

At about four o'clock of the afternoon, when darkness was coming on, I was smoking a pipe in the men's quarters. Hearing shouts and a sudden commotion, I ran out in haste, thinking the Indians were approaching; but, to my surprise, the sentries were unbarring the gates, and no sooner had they opened them than came a couple of voyageurs, followed by two teams of dogs and a pair of sledges. The two occupants of the latter, in spite of the muffling of furs, I recognized at once. The one was my old Quebec acquaintance, Mr. Christopher Burley, the London law clerk; the other, to my ill-concealed dismay, was an elderly priest whom I had often seen at Fort York.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE TREASURE OF ISORA;

OR,

## The Giant Islanders of Tiburon.

BY BROOKS McCORMICK,

Author of "How He Won," Etc., Etc.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### DUNK WELLPOOL INCURS A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

**D**UNK WELLPOOL was not a little surprised at what he regarded as the singular conduct of Livy Wooster when they parted on the shore of the river, four months before the arrival of the Albacross at the island of Isora.

He had not the remotest suspicion that the per-

son with whom he had been talking so long in the orchard and at the landing was not the associate of his night enterprise, for he was greatly excited himself, and Landy had taken the greatest care not to betray himself.

As Captain Ridgefield and his son believed, Dunk had bullied Livy into taking the part he played in the affair. Captain Wellpool's son had in some manner obtained an influence over this boy which enabled him to do so.

But Dunk could not understand it at all when

Livy asserted himself, saying that he did not believe his companion intended to give him his share in the tin trunk, and had left him while he was trying to make a concession to him.

He had no time to follow him, for the family must be on board the Vulture, and it would perhaps spoil his father's plans if he failed to leave the wharf before the people of the town were stirring.

With the tin trunk in his hand, he went on board of the boat again, and pulled down the river, where he found his father very impatient at his absence when he was all ready to cast off the fasts.

"Where have you been, Duncan?" demanded his father, as he showed himself on the deck of the Vulture, when the after sails had been hoisted, and she was all ready to leave. "I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"I was sick and up nearly all night," replied Dunk. "I did not stay on board of the vessel, for Tim Reed wanted me to go to his house last night, and I was to sleep with him."

Captain Ridgefield had expressed a doubt as to whether Captain Wellpool had any guilty knowledge of the operations of his son, though the latter had proved that he was capable of such treachery; and now it appeared that Dunk had acted solely on his own account.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the father, softening in his manner when his son said he had been sick.

"I had the cholera morbus; but I think I have got over it now," replied Dunk, keeping the tin trunk behind him all the time so that his father should not see it.

"You had better go into the cabin and turn in; let your mother give you something, though if you can go to sleep that is the best thing for you," said Captain Wellpool. "But where is Livy? I haven't seen him this morning, and the mate said he did not sleep on board last night."

"I don't know; I haven't seen anything of him," answered Dunk, as he moved toward the companionway.

"Perhaps he has got sick of the voyage, and has backed out; I shall not wait for him. Tom Leeks came to see me last night, and I shipped him, so that we shall not be short-handed," replied the captain, as he ordered Boscook, the mate, to cast off the fasts and set the jib.

Dunk went down into the cabin and took possession of the stateroom which had been assigned to him. His first care was to put the tin trunk in a safe place, for he still had a strong hope that the money had not been taken from it.

He told his mother that he had slept with Tim Reed and had been sick; but he declared he was quite well then and only wanted to go to sleep, for he could hardly keep his eyes open, which was true, as he had been up the entire night.

The Vulture was soon standing down the channel, and Dunk lay down in his berth, but tired and sleepy as he was he could not go to sleep, for the events of the night still pressed themselves on his mind. Fastening his door, he took the tin trunk from its place of concealment and proceeded to examine it.

By this time it was broad daylight, and the stateroom was light enough to enable him to see

clearly. The vessel was moving away from the home of his childhood, though he had too much on his mind to permit him to indulge in any sentimental reflections.

He turned the lid of the box toward the window of the stateroom, and examined it with the most searching scrutiny in order to determine whether or not the lock had been tampered with by Livy, in whose possession it had been for some time.

He knew that his accomplice in the robbery had no chest, or even a valise, but brought his clothes on board the schooner in a bundle; in fact, he had nothing with a lock on it, and for this reason he was not likely to have any keys in his pocket, one of which might possibly fit the tin trunk. He could not have picked the lock in the darkness, even if he had any implement about him for this purpose, and Dunk was confident that he could not have opened the box in the regular way.

Then he looked for any marks which indicated that the trunk had been broken open, but there was not even a scratch upon it; around the keyhole the lacquered tin was as smooth as when it was new, assuring him that Livy had not tried to pick the lock, for he could not have done anything of the kind in the dark without leaving some evidence of the fact.

Then Dunk shook the trunk, as he had done several times before on shore, and the sound convinced him that the contents of the box had not been disturbed.

He had a trunk of his own in the stateroom, and he applied the key of it to the tin box, but it was three times too big for the keyhole, and he was obliged to suspend all operations in this direction for the want of any tools to break the lock, or a supply of keys from which he might select one that would fit it.

He could do nothing more, and he threw himself into his berth again, but he felt a tolerably strong assurance that the money, and, what was of more consequence to his father, the concession of the island, were still in the trunk.

With this cheerful view of the result of his night's work, he dropped asleep while he was thinking how he should hand the concession over to his father without explaining how it came into his possession.

Dunk's mother did not call him to breakfast when it was ready, and he slept without waking till it was noon, and he only dressed himself when he was called to dinner.

As on board of the other schooner bound on the same voyage, Captain Wellpool divided his ship's company into watches, and Dunk was assigned to the port watch; but he hardly noticed the proceedings on board, his mind was so fully occupied with the results of his operations the night before.

As he was supposed to be a little under the weather, nothing in the shape of work was required of him, and he went below saying to his mother, who was on deck with Roxy, her daughter, that he thought he should turn in again, for he did not feel just right.

In the cabin he had a chance to borrow all the keys in trunks and lockers, for there was no one there to interfere with him; but he could not find a single key that he could insert in the keyhole,

for the trunk had been made for a "strong box," and the lock was peculiar.

Dunk was disappointed at the result of his various trials with so many keys, and the only course left open to him was to break open the trunk. From the tool chest he procured an old chisel and a hammer, but even with these implements he found it no easy job to open the trunk, though he at last succeeded in doing so by cutting away the tin around the lock.

In a high fever of expectation he opened the trunk and saw that it was half full of papers of some sort, and he took from the top of the pile a last year's almanac, which was not entirely satisfactory.

One by one he removed several newspapers, and his spirits began to die out of him, for it looked as though he would not have to study up any plan to explain his possession of the concession, inasmuch as it did not yet appear that he possessed it.

An old magazine was the next treasure he handled, and it did not suit him a whit better than the almanac and the newspapers. He went to the bottom of the trunk without finding either money or valuables of any kind.

He was bewildered and confounded at the result of the examination, for though he was a very shaky character he was no fool, and he was able to reason very clearly over the sad discovery he had made, which entirely upset some very brilliant plans he had imagined.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HOISTING OF THE SIGNAL FLAG ON THE HILL.

It would be stating it very mildly to say that Dunk Wellpool was bewildered and utterly confounded when he discovered the worthless character of the contents of the tin trunk.

Was it possible that Livy Wooster had opened the trunk, taken out the treasures it contained, and substituted for them the pamphlets and newspapers he had found?

Certainly Livy had not carried about him such trash as the box contained, and he could not have found such articles in the darkness of the night in the orchard or the pasture. They could not have been put there by him; it was simply impossible in the opinion of the inquirer; and it looked as though the matter was the groundwork of one of the great mysteries of his life.

As he was thinking of the discovery he had made and feeling just as though a cruel trick had been played upon him, he picked up a handful of the rubbish he had taken from the trunk.

On the cover of the magazine he found the name of "Captain S. Ridgefield, Channelport, Me.," showing that the master of the Albatross was a regular subscriber to the publication, for the name was printed with a directing machine.

On the newspapers he found the same address, and as Dunk knew that Livy had not been into the captain's house, he was satisfied that he had not substituted the rubbish for the valuable contents of the trunk.

The owner of the box would not have done such a thing as to keep these worthless publications in a tin trunk, locked up in his desk, as though they had been bank notes, deeds and bonds.

As it did not cross Dunk's mind that he had been deceived in the person who handed the tin trunk to him, taking it from the crotch of the Porter apple tree, the more he thought of the matter the more mystified he became, and he could make no progress at all in the solution of it.

It had been no secret in Channelport that Captain Ridgefield and his family were about to emigrate to the Pacific coast, though it was generally supposed that they were going to some point in California, and Dunk's father had done a great deal of talking in his family about the intentions of his former friend, whom he now regarded as his bitter enemy.

He had hinted that he must have gathered together a considerable sum of money for the intended departure, and he also alluded to the concession, which he considered as much his own property as that of the captain's, who had spent his money and time in procuring it.

This talk had inspired Dunk with the idea of possessing both the money and the grant, and he was confident that he should realize as much as a thousand dollars from the enterprise of that night. But he did not believe that, with this sum in his possession, he should go to any out-of-the-way place and work with a pick and shovel, as the hands shipped were to do when the occasion required; indeed, his father had always made him work harder than he liked.

It was quite true that he had promised Livy an equal share of the plunder, but he intended to put off the division of the money till the Vulture put into some port to procure supplies, for his father thought he should touch at Rio Janeiro, and perhaps elsewhere. At this or any more convenient point Dunk meant to run away, and with what he regarded as a fortune in his possession he could enjoy himself to his heart's content.

Doubtless Landy Ridgefield had done him an immense favor in defeating his brilliant plan, and had possibly saved him from utter ruin for a few years, but Dunk was greatly cast down when he found that he had spent the whole night in a useless venture and had realized nothing from it. If he thought at all of the crime he had committed, the fact that he had left Channelport forever would save him from the consequences of his folly and villainy.

The Vulture sped on her voyage, and sailing a week earlier, she was favored with fresher winds than the Albatross, and entirely escaped the calms that had delayed her rival.

But she had arrived at Isora only twenty-four hours before the other schooner, and had come to anchor in Perla Bay the evening of the preceding day.

Captain Wellpool was in a hurry to obtain possession of the island before the arrival of his enemy, and the evening had been spent in putting up a shanty and landing stores from the vessel.

"But if Captain Ridgefield has a grant from the government of this island, what good will it do to take possession of the place?" asked Mrs. Wellpool, while the landing was in progress.

"What good will the grant do him out here, I should like to know? He has no power, so soldiers, no anything, to put him in possession of it by driving me away," demanded the captain.

"Do you mean to fight for the island?" asked the wife.

"Yes, if Ridgefield undertakes to interfere with me. I have as much right to the island as he has; and we agreed to come here and occupy it together; but he kept putting me off till I was satisfied that he meant to cheat me out of my share of the wealth there is on the island. That is the whole of it, and I mean to defend my right to the end."

"There is a boat with a lot of Indians in it," said Dunk, joining his father and mother at this point of the conversation.

"I am not afraid of them, though it will be necessary to keep watch of them about all the time," replied Captain Wellpool, as he brought his glass to bear upon the single boat that appeared at the entrance of the bay.

"I am afraid of Indians," said Roxy, as she clung to the side of her mother.

"So am I," added Mrs. Wellpool. "I shall not have a minute's peace if we have to expect a visit from such savages. Every one of them is bigger than any man you have on board, Bilty."

"Don't you be a bit alarmed about them. We have rifles enough in the cabin to keep them half a mile from us all the time," replied the captain, confidently.

But the Indians came no nearer, and seemed to be engaged in ascertaining what the people on board of the vessel were doing, and before it was dark they paddled away, and were seen no more that day, but their presence had terribly frightened Mrs. Wellpool and her daughter, though the former was strong minded enough to do better.

During the evening the shanty was nearly completed; but the females, positively refused to stay in it over night, though it was prepared for their reception.

The next morning Captain Wellpool sent Lon Packwood in a small boat which had belonged to Roxy, to the entrance of the bay, where there was a considerable hill on the west side.

Lon was directed to post himself on the top of this hill, and keep a sharp lookout for the appearance of any savages, and he was provided with a pole which he was to stick in the ground and hoist a red flag on it in case he discovered the approach of savages from the southward.

Having made this provision against possible danger, the captain's wife and daughter consented to go on shore and put things to rights in the house which had been erected, though it was not yet completed.

A couple of men who were to do duty as carpenters were sent to the island to complete the house, the frame of which had been made before the Vulture left Channelport, and they were to work under the direction of the captain's wife, while the master was engaged in getting goods out of the hold with the rest of the men.

Everything went along very well during the forenoon, and the females made the cottage, as the wife called it, very comfortable with the things which were brought ashore in the boats.

Not only the captain, but every member of the expedition, kept an eye on the pole which Lon Packwood had planted on the top of the hill, and in the middle of the afternoon the red flag was discovered at the top of it.

The signalman had been instructed by the captain to remain at his post till the Indians came near the entrance to Perla Bay, for he could easily keep out of their way in the little light, sharp boat, with its spoon oars.

The return of Lon was to be the signal that the danger was becoming imminent, and those on shore were to be taken on board at once, where Captain Wellpool was confident that he could successfully defend his party, and where the wife and daughter could be in the cabin, out of the reach of any arrows, for the captain knew that the savages were not provided with firearms.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF BIG INDIANS.

Though Captain Wellpool had never been a soldier, as had been his rival for the possession of the island, he was accustomed to danger, and had had some experience with savages on the Pacific coast.

He was not alarmed at the situation, though a more prudent man would have said that he had abundant reason to be, for the flag on the point indicated the approach of the Indians.

The master of the schooner kept the men of his party busy with the work in which they were engaged, though he maintained a sharp lookout for the return of the boat with Lon Packwood.

In his opinion, there could be no danger as long as the signalman remained at his post, and Packwood was intelligent and cool enough to understand the importance of his mission.

The schooner was at anchor at about a quarter of a mile from the shore where the cottage had been located, and the two men at work on the house were to bring off the captain's wife and daughter as soon as he gave them the signal to do so, which was to be one of the number flags of the vessel, hoisted on the topping lift of the boom.

Portions of the land bordering on the bay were covered with a growth of trees, especially on the east shore of the bay, where a neck of land very narrow, in the shape of a boot, separated it from the waters of the gulf.

"Bilty!" shouted Mrs. Wellpool from the shore, calling him by her own abbreviation of Bildad, which she thought was not a very pretty name, even if it did come from the Bible.

But she might as well have shouted to him if he had been on the other side of the continent, for he could not hear her at that distance; he did not wish to hear her, either, for he would have known that she was simply alarmed at the sight of the red flag on the point.

The captain did not believe there was any danger as long as Packwood remained at his post, and he was ready to display the signal as soon as the signalman took to his boat.

Captain Wellpool had not made any particular examination of the bay and its shores on his arrival, for he had been there twenty-five or more years before, and he believed he knew all about the locality.

He would have done much better if he had explored the island and its waters before he landed his wife and daughter on the island, for he might have obtained some information that would have rendered him less stoical when the red flag was displayed.

As it was, he kept about his work, and drove his men to do their utmost, for he was still in a hurry to get settled on the island before the arrival of the Albatross, and he was confident that she must be on her way to this paradise.

"There is Lon Packwood running down the hill!" exclaimed Dunk, who was already tired of the hard work he had been compelled to do, and he thought that anything which would call upon them to knock off, even if it were to be a fight, would be a godsend.

"I don't see him," replied the captain. "Stick to your work, Duncan; and I will let you know when it is time to let up. We shall have time enough to rest after we get settled on shore, and are in possession of the island."

"Lon is in among the trees, but he is on the way to the boat," added Dunk, as he resumed his work.

"There is time enough, and we need not do anything about the Indians till we see them coming," answered his father. "There is your mother on the shore, frightened half out of her senses when there isn't an Indian within a mile and a half of her."

"There are Indians about here, for we saw them yesterday. What is to prevent them from landing on the other side of the island, and coming over to the cottage?" asked Dunk.

"They can't get up the bank, which is a steep precipice all around the island. The hillsides have been caving in for the last hundred years, and the only place to land is on this bay."

"There is Lon Packwood in the boat, and he is pulling with all his might!" exclaimed Dunk, as he pointed in the direction of the strait by which the bay was entered.

The hopeful son did not wait for any orders, but knocked off work at once, while his father went to the quarter deck, bent on the number flag and hoisted it to the topping lift, where the ensign was sometimes displayed.

"I suppose we had better get up the rifles and ammunition," said the captain, as he came to the companionway, after he had set the signal.

"I should think it was about time," replied Dunk, in a tone which seemed to his father to be rather critical.

"There is time enough; you are losing your head, Duncan," said the captain, in a sharp tone, for he did not allow himself to be criticized, even in the tones of the voice, by any one on board of the vessel.

"If there was time enough, Lon wouldn't strain himself at the oars as he is doing now," suggested Dunk.

"Don't you see that the Indians have to come to the opening before they can get into the bay, and they will have to make a mile after we get sight of them? I tell you there is no hurry."

Captain Wellpool was vexed because his son seemed to be trying to hurry him; and he went to the topping lift, and took in the number he had hoisted.

"What is that for, father?" demanded the son, rather imperatively.

"None of your business what it is for, Duncan. You will have to learn that I am in command of this vessel, and I don't let anybody boss me."

The party on shore had not had time to embark

in the boat, and when the signal was dropped the men, who dared not disobey an order of the captain, refused to return to the Vulture, though Mrs. Wellpool and Roxy begged them to do so.

"There is no need of doing anything till we can see the Indians at the entrance to the bay," continued the captain, when he was somewhat mollified by the silence of his son.

Dunk saw that it was not prudent for him to say anything, and he watched the boat in which Lon Packwood was approaching as rapidly as oars would carry it, though he was still half a mile from the schooner.

Mrs. Wellpool and Roxy were making energetic gestures in the direction of the vessel, and seemed almost to be pointing with a sort of desperation in the direction from which the signalman was approaching.

The two men with them had knocked off work, and the captain saw that they had their rifles in their hands in readiness for immediate use, and they joined the females in making earnest gestures.

"What does all that mean, Duncan?" said Captain Wellpool, who had by this time recovered his usual humor, though that was not always particularly even and gentle.

"I don't know; but I don't think Leeks and Reeldon would be scared if there wasn't some reason for it," replied Dunk. "They are putting mother and Roxy into the boat now, and they mean to come off to the Vulture."

"If they come off without orders it will be the worse for them," replied the captain, his bile rising again. "They are as safe there as they will be on board of the vessel, and I will teach them to obey orders."

The two men on shore evidently intended to come on board without the order to do so, as indicated by the signal, and the captain looked savage enough to bite off a board nail.

The two females were seated in the stern sheets of the boat, and the men were stepping into their places at the oars.

"Stop where you are!" shouted Captain Wellpool, his face growing red at their disregard of his orders. "Stay where you are!"

If Leeks and Reeldon heard him they gave no heed to his commands, but the boat seemed to stick on the bottom where the water was too shallow for it, and one of them jumped overboard, and worked sometime in shoving it off.

At last the oars were manned, and the boat began to approach the schooner, and at this time Lon was about the same distance from her, and was still pulling as though his life depended upon his exertions.

Captain Wellpool went down into the cabin and returned after some delay with a rifle in his hand, which he pointed at the two men in the boat.

At that moment a terrific yell rent the air, and three large craft of rude construction, each containing not less than twenty big Indians, came out into the bay apparently from the trees, not twenty rods from the cottage.

Captain Wellpool and Dunk were appalled at the sight.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH;

or,

## HOW RUFUS RODMAN WON SUCCESS.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

(Copyrighted, American Publishers' Corporation.)

["A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH" was commenced last week.]

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Rufus Rodman, an orphan, fifteen years of age, while plying his vocation of carrying baggage for travelers, makes the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman in front of the Grand Central Station. He carries his satchel to the Park Avenue Hotel and is given a dollar. This Rufus spends with his chum, Micky Flynn, a newsboy. While they are eating in a restaurant they observe a confidence man named Leonard Wilton attempting to defraud a farmer. They arrange to balk the scheme and make their way to the tenement in which they lived. While entering they are appealed to by a little girl who announces that her drunken father is beating her mother. Rufus dashes in and the drunkard threatens him with a chair.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

**P**UT down that chair!" said Rufus, boldly. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, wantin' to strike a woman?"

"Drat your impudence!" answered the drunken man. "I've a great mind to smash you," he added, in angry tones.

"That would be better than hittin' your wife, you big brute!"

"Oh, Rufus, be careful!" said the poor wife. "He's that bad he might kill you."

"I ain't afraid of him, Mrs. Pickett."

His defiant tone seemed to infuriate the drunkard, whose anger was now directed against our hero.

"You ain't afraid of me?" he repeated. "I'll stop your impudent tongue for you, see if I don't."

He lowered the chair a little, released his hold upon the table, which had served as a partial support, and started in the direction of Rufus. If he had had full control of his legs he would have been a dangerous antagonist, for he was a short, thick-set man, and evidently possessed of a large measure of strength. But on account of the large amount of whisky he had imbibed, he found it difficult to maintain his equilibrium, and in the act of striking at Rufus, who skilfully eluded the blow, he fell headlong on the floor.

"Go for a cop, Micky," called Rufus. "Tell him to come quick."

Rufe knew that the lives of the little family would be in danger unless Pickett was removed. He had just returned from a three months' sojourn on the island, during which his wife and children had enjoyed comparative peace, and though Mrs. Pickett had been compelled to work hard, she had been better off than when her brutal husband was with her. His first act on coming home was to appropriate fifty cents of his wife's hard earnings, and spend them for whisky at a saloon.

Mrs. Pickett did not offer any protest, and Micky sped away on his errand. Pickett tried to rise from his recumbent position, but without success.

"Oh, Rufe, isn't it awful?" said little Edith, timidly peeping into the room.

"What's that yer saying against yer pap, you young jade?" muttered Pickett, making another effort to rise. "I'll baste yer when I get up."

"Don't be afraid, Edie. I'll take care of you," said Rufus, manfully.

"Hear the kid talk!" continued the prostrate drunkard. "I'll twist his neck when I get hold of him."

Mrs. Pickett still stood cautiously behind the table, with the young child in her arms.

"That's a pretty way to receive a husband and father when he's been away from home for ninety days," hiccoughed Pickett.

"It's a pretty condition for you to come home in," said Rufus.

"None of your impudence, you young rascal!" returned Pickett.

He succeeded in rising to his knees, by the help of the chair, and in a minute would have been on his feet menacing Rufus, but at this critical moment Micky appeared, followed by a policeman.

"What's all this?" demanded the officer. "Are you up to your old tricks, Pickett?"

"He would have killed his wife and child, I think," said Rufe, "if I hadn't come in just as I did. He was going to hit her on the head with a chair!"

"How's that, Pickett?"

"She wouldn't give me any money, ossifer," replied Pickett, with another hiccough.

"I gave him fifty cents this morning, or rather he took it, and that's what he bought whisky with," said the wife.

"You've got some more money," went on the drunkard.

"I have twenty-five cents to buy supper with," answered the poor woman.

"That's mine. Whatever's yours is mine! Ain't I your husband, shay?"

"Yes, you are, to my sorrow!"

"Come, Pickett, you'll have to come with me. You ain't fit to live at home. I should think your last term might have been enough for you, but it doesn't seem to have been."

"You ain't goin' to send me back to the island when I've just got out, p'liceman? It's a shame!"

"All your own fault, my man! Come, get up here!"

The officer pulled the drunkard to his feet with no gentle hand and marched him off. As he moved away he shook his fist at Rufus, while his brow darkened.

"I'll pay you for this, you young rascal!" he cried. "I'll teach you not to interfere with me."

Rufus did not reply, but turned to Mrs. Pickett, who sank into a chair with a sigh of relief.

"You're better off without him, Mrs. Pickett," he said.

"Yes, Rufus, you are right. And yet there was a time, before he took to drink, when he was a good husband; but now he frightens me and makes my life miserable. Some day he will kill me and the children. It's impressed on my mind, and I often wake up trembling, thinking he is near."

"It was too bad of him to take your money."

"I wouldn't have cared if he hadn't spent it for whisky, though it's hard for me to pay the rent and provide food for the children out of my scanty earnings."

"I'm glad Micky and I were on hand, Mrs. Pickett. If you need us again, send for us."

"I am afraid William will do you some harm, Rufus. He is very angry with you."

"I'll risk it, I can take care of myself. When I saw him tryin' to hit you with that chair, it made me want to knock him down. Come, Micky, let's go up stairs."

The two boys occupied a small back room about ten feet square, furnished as might be expected, in the plainest way. It may be doubted whether the entire furniture of the apartment, including bedding, had cost over fifteen dollars. There were just two chairs, one for each of the boys. When they had company, either they or their guests were obliged to sit on the bed.

"What are you goin' to do this evenin', Rufe?" asked Micky.

"I'm goin' to try to read a little," answered Rufus.

"What's the use of that?"

"I'll tell you, Micky. My education's been neglected. I left school when I was ten years of age, and I've forgot 'most all I once knowed. It's only three months since I got ashamed of bein' a know-nothin'."

"I know. When the kid was in here and read from the paper about that fire on Broadway."

"Yes; he read just as easy, and he's only eight years old. When he went out I tried to read it myself, and I kept trippin' over the big words. It made me ashamed, Micky, to have a little chap like that floor me. I made up my mind I'd learn to read decent or bust."

"So you bought Robinson Crusoe."

"Somebody told me it was a nice story, and I'd find it interestin'. So I've been hammerin' away at it ever since."

"How fur have you got, Rufe?"

"I'm on the forty-seventh page. Sometimes I get to big words that I have to skip. I wish you knowed more so you could help me."

"I was never cut out for a scholar, Rufe. It don't help a feller earn his bread and butter."

"But if he means to grow up respectable and go into society, he must know how to read easy."

"Oh, you're gettin' too high toned. I'm goin' to Tony Pastor's, or the Third Avenue Theayter. You'd better come, too."

"I'd like to, Micky, but I'm goin' to have a good read. If I stick to it for a couple of hours I'll maybe get through three or four pages."

"At that rate you'll be gray headed before you get through the book."

"I don't know but I shall," said Rufus, despondently. "If I had a teacher to help me along!"

"Why don't you get the kid?"

"That's a good idea, Micky," said Rufus, brightening up. "Why, here he is, just as if he knowed we was speaking of him. How are you, kid? Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

The kid, so called, was a rather diminutive boy of eight, pale and thin, but with an intellectual face. His real name was Albert Kelly, but he was known universally as the kid. He was the son of a widow and lived on Avenue A.

"Do you mind helping me a little about readin', kid?" asked Rufus.

"No; I'd like to help you, Rufe. You're always kind to me."

So the two sat down together and undertook "Robinson Crusoe." Rufe was encouraged to find that now his task was made easy by the superior scholarship of his young teacher. In the two hours they actually went over ten pages.

"I say, kid," said Rufus, at the close of the lesson, "what do you say to teachin' me reg'lar? Of course, I'm going to pay you. You come here three or four evenin's a week and I'll pay you a quarter every week."

"All right, Rufe! I'd like to earn a little money that way, but perhaps you can't afford to give me so much."

"Oh, yes, I can. I'll do a little less eatin', if necessary. Why, Micky spends more money'n that goin' to theatres. Come ag'in Wednesday and Friday evenin's."

## CHAPTER VI.

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Rufus called at the New England Hotel the next morning and had a conference with Mr. Beckwith.

"I've been waitin' for you," said Joshua. "Now tell me what I am to do."

"Wilton is comin' round at twelve, isn't he?" said Rufe.

"Yes."

"And you promised to have the two hundred and fifty dollars ready for him?"

"Yes, that's the indee."

"You've got some money with you, haven't you?"

"Yes I've got twenty dollars, two fives and the rest in small bills."

"His money will be done up in a package, and you won't have a chance to open it till it's too late."

"You don't want me to give him any money, do you?" asked Mr. Beckwith.

"Only pretend to. I expected to bring along a detective, but the man I knowed is out of town on business. So I guess I'll be the detective."

"You! A boy like you!"

"Yes, Mr. Beckwith. I'm a boy, but I know the ropes. I can see through such fellers as this Wilton right off. Now, if you foller my directions, we'll have some fun."

"Jest as you say. You seem pretty knowin' for a boy of your age. Go ahead and tell me what to do."

"You see, we must fool him just as he wants to fool you."

"How will we do it?"

"It'll cost a little money. You see, we must buy a wallet, and do it up in a paper, but it won't be real money that's in it, but some bogus money."

"Where will we get it?"

"There's a store on the Bowery where they have some advertising bills that look like greenbacks. I got some this mornin' as I came along. That's what we'll put in the wallet."

"Good!" laughed the old man, gleefully. I'll show that Wilton I'm as sharp as he is, if I do come from Greenville, New Hampshire. He thinks I'm a greenhorn, but folks get mistaken sometimes."

"When all is ready you must let me hide under the bed, so I can see the fun or hear it. You be downstairs in the office, and when he comes propose to him to come upstairs to your room. That's just what he'll like, for he'll be afraid to play his trick on you in public."

Joshua chuckled. It flattered his vanity to think he was going to get the better of a New York trickster. He felt that it would give him a great reputation for sharpness in Greenville, where he would tell the story in full detail.

A little before twelve o'clock Leonard Wilton walked briskly down the Bowery, smiling to himself, and evidently on the best possible terms with the world.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars will be a good haul," he said to himself. "My country friend fell an easy victim. I puffed him up with a great idea of his own sharpness. Now he'll rave when he discovers how he has been taken in! It'll be prudent for me to make myself scarce for a time. Let me see. I can enjoy a week in Philadelphia and perhaps do a little business there. By that time my rustic friend will have gone back to his mountain home, and the coast will be clear. It makes me laugh to think of his disappointment, when he finds out how he has been tricked."

Arrived at the New England Hotel, Wilton entered and looked around him a little anxiously, fearing that in some way his prey might have escaped him.

But, no! There in a chair sat Joshua Beckwith, with his hat tilted back on his head, looking very comfortable.

"How do you do, Mr. Beckwith?" said Wilton, with a pleasant smile. "I hope you had a good night's rest."

"Oh, yes, I slept like a top. They've got nice beds in York."

"We generally try to be comfortable here, Mr. Beckwith. By the way, did you attend to that little matter of business we were speaking of?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilton. I was afraid you'd forget about it."

"Oh, no. I wouldn't serve you so meanly. I had a good many other things to attend to, but I wouldn't forget your business. It'll be a nice little speculation for you, my friend."

"I should say it was! It's kind of you, Mr. Wilton, to throw such a thing in my way—a stranger like me."

"You don't seem like a stranger, Mr. Beckwith. My heart warmed to you when I first set eyes on you."

The old man laughed. Fortunately Mr. Wilton could not read his thoughts.

"Suppose you come up stairs to my room. We can attend to our business there better than here."

"Just the plan I was going to propose," said Wilton, briskly. "I hope you haven't mentioned the fact to any one."

"Why should I?" responded Joshua, non-committally. "I'm a stranger here."

This was not a categorical answer to his question, but Leonard Wilton interpreted it to mean what the other desired.

They ascended the staircase, and entered Mr. Beckwith's room, where Rufus was snugly ensconced beneath the bed.

"Sit down, Mr. Wilton," said the old man. "Have you brought the—green goods with you?"

"Yes, my friend, here it is?"

He produced a good-sized package wrapped in brown paper, and sealed in several places.

"Strictly speaking, we're doing what isn't exactly legal," said Wilton, "and it is necessary to be careful. I have therefore tied up the goods, and would not advise you to open the package till you are on your way home."

"How much is there?" asked Joshua, in apparent eagerness.

"A thousand dollars—four dollars for one. It'll make a mighty neat profit for you."

"So it will," laughed Joshua, gleefully. "Now I'll be able to buy that three-acre lot I've been wanting for so long."

"Now, Mr. Beckwith, I'll trouble you for the two hundred and fifty dollars."

Joshua produced his wallet, also tied up in brown paper. Wilton eyed it in some surprise.

"My friend was afraid I'd lose it, or get my pocket picked, or somethin'," the other explained, "seein' as I was a stranger in the city."

"Just so," said the sharper, the explanation seeming quite natural.

"Won't you stay and dine with me, Mr. Wilton? As you've put me in the way of makin' so much money I guess I can afford to treat."

"Thank you, Mr. Beckwith, but I have an important engagement. Some other time will do for that. By the way, I advise you to leave for home as soon as possible. It isn't safe to carry round so much money. You can afford to come to New York again soon."

"So I can!" chuckled Joshua, who seemed in hilarious spirits. "Good-by, Mr. Wilton! It isn't often one meets such a friend as you are."

"The old fool is drunk with joy!" said Wilton to himself, as he hurried downstairs. "I must get somewhere where I can open this wallet. Luck's in my favor for once."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

## GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

(Copyrighted, American Publishers' Corporation.)

("A YOUNG BREADWINNER" was commenced in No. 22. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### AN UNLUCKY INVITATION TO DINE.

**I**T was but a short distance from the office of Kenworthy & Clarke to the Criterion Theatre, but on the way Ridley managed to find out a good deal about the small boy concerning whom all the newspapers were beginning to talk. For this young fellow, fresh from a region where theatres were few and far between, took a deep interest in matters dramatic, and, as he had said, counted himself fortunate to have fallen in with an opportunity to "go behind."

So absorbed were the two in their conversation that neither of them noticed a man who stood in the doorway of a hotel across the street, directly opposite the theatre, and who was attentively regarding them. He disappeared inside as soon as he saw them turn in at the stage door, and a few minutes later a man wearing the same clothes, but with an altogether different face, passed out by the ladies' entrance of the hotel, and hurried across the street to the theatre.

This second man had a thick head of hair, and quite a long, brown beard, while the person who had been leaning against one of the front columns but a short time before was almost bald and wore simply a mustache. He made his way at once to the stage door and on being challenged by the doorkeeper as to his business there, replied that he had been sent for by the gas man, to examine one of the stage burners.

As there was no performance in progress, the doorman, after looking the visitor over for a moment, mumbled out a gruff leave to enter, which the stranger hastened to accept. But once inside, he paid no attention to gas pipe or burner, merely hastening to conceal himself behind a stack of scenery near a group standing talking not far from the passage leading to the entrance way.

And when he heard the following introduction made: "Mr. English, let me present my friend, Mr. Westmore," and, peering around the edge of the scene, saw Guy's companion shaking hands with a business-like looking man without an overcoat, he rubbed his hands with an air of extreme satisfaction.

"Westmore! Odd name," he muttered. "Dressed pretty fine. Must be son of the oil king. Easy to get on his track. Ah, what's that he's saying to the kid?"

Ridley had stepped to one side with Harold and Guy, and this is what the listener overheard:

"I want you and your brother to come to dine with us to-morrow night."

The invitation was accepted, conditioned on Mrs. Hammersley being willing that Harold should go. And as the boy would not be needed so long for rehearsal the next day, Ridley arranged to call for him at the theatre at three in the afternoon, take him for a drive in the park, and be back at their home in upper Madison avenue by the time Guy arrived there after business hours.

"Suits me to a T," muttered the man behind the scenes, and forthwith took himself off, the others soon afterward following his example.

Her boy's prospects seemed to have a salutary effect on Mrs. Hammersley's health, and it was hoped now that she would be well enough to attend the first performance on Monday. On learning that the Westmores were relatives of Guy's, she gladly consented to Harold's visiting there, and he was dressed accordingly when he went off with Guy the next morning.

Mr. Shepard met him as usual at the theatre, and assisted Mr. English in coaching him for the part, and at one o'clock took him off with him to lunch. Young Westmore had promised to call for him at three, but at half-past two, just when his work for the day was over, the doorkeeper came in with a note for the boy star. It ran as follows!

My Dear Harold: It has turned out such a beautiful day that I have decided to take you for a longer drive. To gain time we are to start from our stable on the West side, and as my sister is going with us, I must escort her over. I send Edward, a groom of mine, to bring you up there. Sorry I could not come myself, but it will all go to make a more pleasant outing for you in the end. Truly yours, Ridley Westmore.

Telling Mr. English, who knew of his engagement with the Westmores, that Mr. Ridley had sent for him, Harold hurried into his overcoat and went out into the little box-like arrangement annexed to the theatre, covering the stage door.

Here he found a smooth-faced young man, very deferential in manner, waiting for him.

"Did you come from Mr. Westmore after me?" asked Harold.

"Yes, your honor," was the response.

They went off together, and, as they approached Forty-second street, Harold asked "Where is the stable?"

"The what?" repeated the young man.

"Why, the stable where Mr. Westmore keeps his horses, and where you're taking me?"

A strange look of dismay, of terror almost, came into Edward's face as he listened to this repetition of the boy's question. He knit his brows into a heavy frown and gazed wildly about as if expecting to find assistance for something that was troubling him, and then, unconsciously, Harold came to his aid by adding:

"Is it near enough to walk?"

"No, we have ter take a car. Here comes one now. Hurry, or we won't catch it."

Nothing loath for a run, Harold put his legs in motion, and the two were soon aboard a car on the Forty-second street road, bound west. Edward produced two nickels wrapped in a scrap of newspaper and paid the fare with quite a lordly air, while Harold puzzled himself with the problem why Ridley Westmore, who was so well dressed himself, should have such a slovenly servant about the place.

At each avenue they crossed the boy thought they would get out, but his companion made no move. Presently the car stopped in front of a ferry house, and Harold saw that this was the end of the route.

"Come, we must hurry," said Edward. "The boat's just going to start."

"The boat? Why, what are we going on the boat for?" Harold wanted to know. "Is the stable across the river?"

"No, but de kerridge is," explained Edward, drawing a long breath and speaking rapidly. "The boss changed his mind after the note was writ—or no, de missy had gone across de river, and he got a telygram to meet her wid de kerridge an' he'll be dere when we git over. Then he's goin' ter take you a splendid drive among the hills."

While talking Edward was making tracks for the ferry-house, and Harold was obliged perforce to follow him, as he was still a stranger in town and did not wish to be left alone.

Boy like, he was much distracted by the sights of the river to be seen from the boat, and did not pay much heed to other things till they had reached the other side, and when, after being conducted by his guide through several streets in a squalid neighborhood, there were still no signs of Ridley.

"Are you sure you know where he's to be?" asked the boy.

"Yes, pretty sure; we'll soon be there now," and cheered by this intelligence, Harold plodded bravely on till they finally reached the country.

The road was a lonely one, and at this point wound through a thick woods. And here, on suddenly turning a corner, they came upon a closed carriage.

"Here we are," cried Edward, assisting Harold in.

There was only one man inside, and as the horse was started off at a fast trot, Harold recognized, not Ridley Westmore, but Colonel Starr.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### WHAT HAPPENED ACROSS THE RIVER.

"Why, Colonel Starr, did Mr. Westmore send you after me?" exclaimed Harold, looking up in the colonel's face all unsuspiciously.

"No, my son, he did not," replied that indi-

vidual, solemnly, and he bent down and imprinted a kiss on the boy's forehead. "In this case I have been compelled to use a little deception in order that right may come out of wrong, and the cause of justice triumph."

"Why, what do you mean? I don't understand," exclaimed the boy, as much astonished by the kiss as he was mystified by the words.

The colonel had relinquished the lines to Edward, who, mounting to the front seat of the ramshackle old vehicle, was urging the horse onward as fast as the ancient animal could be induced to move. In fact, no turnout could have been in greater contrast to that which Harold had expected to find awaiting him.

"What do I mean, my dear boy?" answered the ex-concert company manager, who, with an arm about Harold, was holding him pressed tightly against his side. "Prepare yourself for a shock, you poor child, who have been accustomed to so many of them. I am your father."

"You!" cried the boy, with all of amazement and nothing of joy in the exclamation. "Then your name oughtn't to be Colonel Starr, but Mr. Hammersley, like mamma's."

"Ah, but Mrs. Hammersley is not your mother, my child," and the colonel shook his head slowly from side to side as though he was personally deeply afflicted by this fact. "Of course you will not take this as hard as you would had you known her as a mother for a very long time."

"But how do you know? I don't believe it," said Harold, bluntly. "Why didn't you find it out before, if it is so?"

"It was an old nurse we had once who told me about it only yesterday afternoon. She lay dying in a New York hospital and sent for me. She had charge of you when you were a little boy, and one day, when out walking with you, she reported that you were snatched from her arms by some evil-looking men. All search for you was in vain. Your mother died from the shock, and my hair was prematurely whitened. Yesterday afternoon, as, I say, this woman sent for me, and confessed that you had not been snatched away from her at all, but that she had sold you to a circus for twenty-five dollars, representing herself as your mother. You had been so sickly that the circus people could not train you up to their business, so they accepted the offer of a kind-hearted lady in a Pennsylvania town, where they were showing, who offered to adopt you. This lady was none other than Mrs. Colburn."

"But why do I look so much like Mr. Glenn, then?" Harold wanted to know.

He was taking the revelation very calmly, considering the fact that he had never been over-fond of Colonel Starr.

"Because he was my first cousin," answered the colonel, boldly.

He had evidently made up his mind to stop at nothing that would serve to make his story have the semblance of holding water.

"Why didn't you tell all this up there in Brillington?" Harold wanted to know.

"Because as I have just told you, I didn't know anything about it till yesterday afternoon, when that nurse, Betty Springsteen, sent for me and made her confession."

"Why didn't you come for me yourself, then,"

went on the boy, "and tell all my friends about it, instead of making a big deception like this? I don't think it was right or fair. What will Mr. Westmore say?"

"Your father is the first person to be considered," responded the colonel, oracularly. "I foresaw that a great time would be made should I attempt to convince the Hammersleys of the mistake. My heart hungered to possess my boy. I am much better able to provide for you than is the widow, so you are far better off."

Poor Harold! His heart began to fail him at last. He had been through so many vicissitudes of parentage in his short life that he could not be sure but that this man, who was so distasteful to him, was telling the truth. In that case, how could he give him the affection that would be his due? And then, to be wrenched away in this sudden manner from his home, his friends and the career that was just opening so auspiciously before him!

This last thought inspired him with renewed courage. He felt that he belonged not only to his friends but to the public. His appearance for Monday night had been already advertised, and thus great interests were depending on his remaining in New York.

"You must take me back at once, Colonel Starr," he began, decidedly. "As long as you sent to the theatre for me you must know that I've got an engagement there."

"Certainly I know," returned the colonel, "and that shall not be interfered with if you consent to remain quietly with me."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the boy. "If I stay with you how can I be at the theatre?"

"By staying with me, I mean living with me," was the reply. "Of course, it is to be expected that Mrs. Hammersley will make a great ado when she finds that you are gone, and try by hook or crook to get you back again."

"Hush; you shall not talk about my mamma that way," broke forth the boy, struggling to free himself from the arm that held him.

"She is not your mother now, but I am your father, and all your allegiance belongs to me," rejoined the colonel, emphasizing his assertion by a tightened grip upon the luckless lad.

"I don't believe it," retorted Harold, stoutly. "If you would do so mean a thing as you have just done to get me to come out here, you wouldn't mind telling a story about the rest of it. If you won't take me home, stop the carriage and let me get out. I guess I can find my own way back."

"You shall not get out," said Colonel Starr, between his teeth, and, bringing his other arm into service, he held the boy in such a firm clutch that the poor little fellow could not even wriggle.

Harold was now thoroughly frightened, and opening his mouth, he gave vent to a piercing scream.

Edward turned around and gave one look backward, and then continued urging on the sleepy old horse, while the colonel, instead of becoming

angry and threatening the boy, stopped his mouth with another kiss.

"My dear little son," murmured he, "I know it comes hard to you at first to give up associations to which you have been accustomed. That is why I took this sudden method of effecting the change, and have brought you out to the quiet of the country in order that you may have a chance to get used to the new order of things."

"Where are we going?" asked Harold, after a pause, broken only by the sound of Edward's persistent chirrup to the lazy nag.

"To a house of mine not far from here. Then, when you are quieted down and reconciled to your new life, I will take you over to the theatre and permit you to resume your rehearsals. But you must first promise me that you will be loyal to me and claim me as your father. This, of course, I have a right to expect. And if I hear of your complaining to any one that I am not your father, and that I have taken you off against your will, you never go back to play the part of Fauntleroy again. Will you promise, Harold?"

The boy was silent, torn by conflicting emotions. He could not feel that this man was in any manner related to him, and yet, should he not admit the claim, he would be deprived of his great ambition—playing his role in Fauntleroy. That Colonel Starr would be able to carry out this threat the boy had not the slightest doubt. It would be a very simple matter to take him with him on some train and whisk him clear out West beyond any possible reach of his friends.

"Well, what do you say, Harold? Will you make that promise?"

The colonel was plainly becoming impatient. A little nervous, too, if one might judge from the fashion in which he looked out ahead over Edward's shoulder toward a house which could just be made out some distance down the road. Clearly he had expected to find Harold of a more pliable disposition than had turned out to be the case.

"Let me think over it awhile, Colonel Starr, won't you?" responded the boy, who had been looking out ahead, and who had seen something with his sharp young eyes which the older ones of his seat mate had failed to discover.

"What good will it do you to think it over?" responded the colonel. "You know as much about the conditions now as you will five minutes hence."

It will be noted that Colonel Starr talked to the boy just as if the latter was a full-grown man. This was doubtless owing to the fact that Harold, having already taken up a profession, had come to be regarded as much older than he really was.

"All right, in a minute," replied the boy, in a tone so different from that in which he had just spoken that the ex-concert company manager instinctively followed the direction of his eyes.

These were resting on a young man on a bicycle who was just passing the carriage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# EDITORIAL CHAT

## AND CORRESPONDENCE.

We are almost ready to fulfil our promise, made to the boys of America some time ago, that we would give them a publication ideal in every respect. As you have been told, and told until the reiteration is probably growing monotonous, it is our intention to give our readers just what they want in the shape of stories and departments. To ascertain their wishes, a contest was held inviting suggestions. Some of those received were radical, and it required thought before a conclusion could be reached. The decision is now made, and the result will be seen in number thirty-four, out two weeks from to-day. We earnestly assure our readers that they will find in that number a periodical unsurpassed in any detail.

A story by Horatio Alger is an important event in the world of juvenile literature. It means as much to the boys of this country as a story by Crawford, or Conan Doyle, or Rudyard Kipling does to their fathers. Mr. Alger has been writing for many years, and he has yet to turn out a story that will not set the blood of the youthful reader tingling and fill his heart with admiration for the man to whom fortune has given such a delightful talent. A serial by Mr. Alger will be commenced in No. 34, and our young friends can rest assured that it will be a charming one. Full details will be given next week.

William Murray Graydon is at work on one of his inimitable serials of adventure. It will shortly be announced. This famous writer is under special contract with Street & Smith, and his juvenile stories can not be found in any other publication than those issued by that firm.

Tales of daring and bravery by boy heroes are not entirely confined to the pages of romance. Real life furnishes many instances of youthful courage. The following article clipped from the current number of a daily paper is ample proof of the assertion.

With death walking the deck by his side, short handed officers dead or disabled with fever, through seven weeks of disaster, danger and fear, a boy sixteen years of age performed an act requiring rare force of will and character in the south seas recently. His name was William Shotton, and he is the son of an English sailor. The Trafalgar, his ship, a four-masted bark of 1,700 tons, sailed from Batavia on October 29, 1896, with a cargo of petroleum for Melbourne, Australia. Fever broke out among the crew even before the ship left port, and Captain Edgar was invalided. The command devolved upon the next in authority, Mr. Roberts. But

scarcely had the ship weighed anchor, when he, too, was stricken, together with several other able-bodied members of the crew. The ship carpenter next succumbed to the fever, and on the same day Officer Roberts leaped overboard in delirium. The entire charge of the ship thereupon devolved upon Shotton. Luckily for all concerned, he was born of a race of sailors and had received some instruction in navigation.

For a time the winds were moderate, but the fever still pursued its deadly course, and on December 7 the cook died, the sixth victim of the disease. Port Fairy, Australia, was the first place sighted on the mainland, but this was by no means the end of the boy captain's troubles. A few days later a fearful storm broke out, and Shotton was of the opinion that nothing could be done but run before it, since to attempt to withstand it would almost certainly mean destruction in the weakened state of the crew. All of the crew who were half fit for duty were ordered on deck and the necessary steps were taken to put the ship in order to carry out the decision. Day and night the young captain was on the bridge, giving his orders amid the awful tempest with a coolness and calmness which would have moved many a gray-haired skipper to envy. Finally the wind moderated, and the vessel was able to resume its journey to the Victoria coast.

H. K. S., Little Falls, N. Y.—The club question has been decided in the negative.

P. W. B., Lisbon, Ohio.—1. Army and Navy Volumes will contain fifty-two numbers each. 2. We cannot identify the coin. 3. Stories by the authors named will be published during the present year. The schedule is not yet completed.

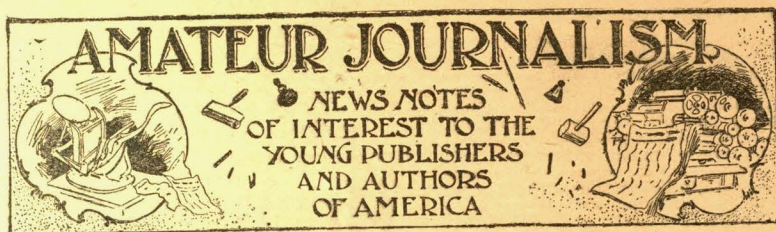
S. S., Portage, Wis.—1. See answer to P. W. B. 2. Yes. 3. Not at present.

"Telegraph," Hoboken, N. J.—You can obtain detailed information on this subject by applying to any telegraph office. Salaries, etc., vary according to circumstances.

L. S. M., Minneapolis, Minn.—1. No. 2. Not at present. 3. Fifty-two. 4. The Army and Navy binder holds twenty-six copies.

F. E. S., Milledgeville, Ga.—A series of special articles on the rules governing admission into the Military and Naval academies can be found in numbers 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Army and Navy.

Arthur Sewall



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Table is in receipt of the following amateur publications: "The National Amateur," December issue; the November number of "The Storyette;" "The Club Echo" for December; "The Crescent," December issue; "The Young American" for December; "The On Time Monthly," November, and the "Bethel Cadet," the December number of the Bethel Military Academy (Va.) class paper.

The current issue of "The National Amateur" contains the annual historian's report of the N. A. P. A.; also President Hollub's message and the reports of the Recruit Committee, the Secretary of Credentials, Treasurer, and the ex-Treasurer. A complete list of members is also included.

The "Storyette" for November is a bright, newsy number edited in Don C. Wilson's usual clever style. Frank L. Campbell is represented by an illustrated sketch entitled "Captured by Indians." Samuel DeHayn, Eastern Chief of Reviews, U. A. P. A., explains the duties of his office for the benefit of the members. The editor gives another installment of his serial, "Darrel Venture," and Howard Burba contributes a short story. The entire number is interesting.

"The Crescent" and "Club Echo," both in their second issues, are creditable publications, and promise well for the future. Further reviews will be published next week.

Sidney L. O'Connor, 104 Barr street, Fort Wayne, wishes sample copies of amateur papers. He also desires to write for amateur publications.

### "FREE" AMATEURS.

(From November issue, "The Storyette").

Frank E. Merritt still maintains his belligerent attitude against "free" amateurs, and attacks them as fiercely as he did the nom de plumes some time ago. In this display of aggression he has the whole-souled, hearty approval of every fair-minded amateur author, and the encouragement of all amateur publishers. Amateur writers send in manuscript with the idea that they are entitled to a year's subscription gratis. This is absurd. If we consider that the purpose of amateur papers is to encourage young literary workers and to aid them in acquiring greater honors, we see the utter ingratitude of these "free" amateurs. If these writers wish to place their attempts before the public, they must support the means by which it is done. When amateur papers cease to exist we may entertain no hopes for the preservation of amateur journalism;

for its pillars are then demolished and washed away.

\* \* \* \*

## THE COPY HOOK.

When a Chinese compositor sets type he places them in a wooden frame 22 by 15 inches. This frame has twenty-nine grooves, each for a line of type, and the type rests in clay to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The type are of wood, perfectly square, and the compositor handles them with pincers.

The gibberish that sometimes appears in the middle of a sentence or a paragraph in newspapers simply means a space left blank to be filled up in the corrected proof.

The truth is that the compositor throws the type in higgledypiggledy, just to keep the required space; occasionally the proof is not corrected, and so the jargon slips into the newspaper.

A witty writer once observed, apropos of these slips:

"When one reads that 'John Blank, while a man of great wealth, was, nevertheless, a hyzmpfctd man,' one feels that, though it may be perfectly true, it ought not to be said under the circumstances."

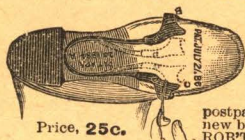
Some of the newspapers have recently been questioning who "Peter Parley," the author of so many books for boys, really was. The other day the writer unearthed a magazine, fifty years old, which contained an interview with the famous American. His name was really Samuel Griswold Goodrich; but he informed the interviewer that he had adopted the name of "Peter Parley" as he wanted the tales he told children to appear to be related "by a gossiping old gentleman, who could talk and parley with them." "When I first used it," he said, on one occasion, "I little thought that it would be better known than my own."

At Prince Albert, a remote but busy village in the Canadian Northwest, a weekly newspaper is, or recently was, regularly published in the handwriting of its proprietor, editor, reporter, advertising agent and printer, the five being one man. He adorned his lively four-page sheet with caricatures rudely copied from comic papers and decorated his horse and stock advertisements with rough cuts.

The paper appeared in purple ink from a gelatine copying press, or hektograph, and its editorial and local news were usually so clearly presented that the little journal was influential in the territories, read with avidity in the newspaper offices of Eastern Canada, and constantly quoted as an authority.

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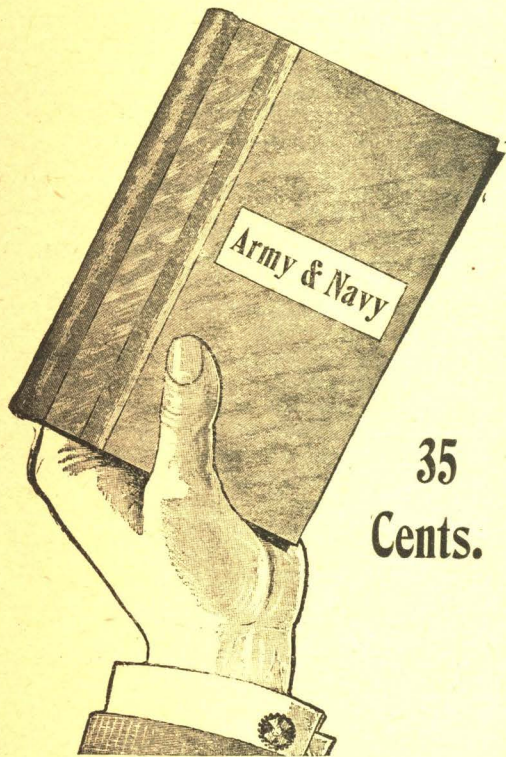
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